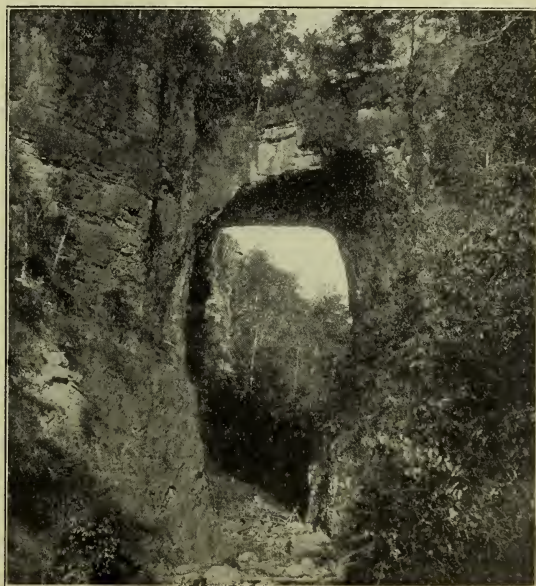


# Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1927

NO. 9



THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA

## TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
  2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
  3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
  4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.  
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

## BOOKS ON CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Scarcer and more scarce become the works on Confederate history written by those who had a part in making it. What is written hereafter will be by those whose viewpoint comes from reading what has been written by the participants. Much of this material is now available only through libraries in large centers, and it is important that it be accessible everywhere. Every U. D. C. Chapter should have a library for the use of members in the historical work of the organization; every school should have its library of Southern history, and every home should have its collection of these books. Delay in collecting them means a loss in every way.

From time to time the VETERAN is able to offer books that are difficult to procure now, and it is only occasionally that more than one copy can be offered. Two or more copies are available in some books of the following list, but it is well to make second and third choice in giving your order:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson. Nice sets, cloth. Two volumes.....	\$7 00
Memoirs of Jefferson Davis. By Mrs. Davis. Two volumes.....	8 00
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00
Lee and His Generals. By William Parker Snow. Illustrated.....	5 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By John Esten Cooke. Illustrated.....	6 00
Service Afloat. By Admiral Semmes. Illustrated.....	7 00
Recollections of a Naval Life (including service with the Sumter and Alabama). By John McIntosh Kell.....	3 50
Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. By John S. Mosby.....	4 00
Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4 00
Life of Gen. A. S. Johnston. By Col. William Preston Johnston.....	5 00
Shelby and His Men. By John N. Edwards (very scarce).....	5 00
Four Years in the Saddle. By Col. Harry Gilmor.....	3 00
Poems of Henry Timrod. Memorial Edition.....	2 50
Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Gen. Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry). Edited by Gen. R. E. Lee, 1867.	6 00
Order from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.	

## LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.

	PAGE
From Commander in Chief—State Reunions.....	323
More Historical "Bunk".....	324
Honor Where Honor Is Due.....	325
Spirit of the Women of the South. By T. D. Tinsley.....	326
Reunion North Carolina Division, U. C. V.....	327
Barbara Fritchie "Revised".....	328
Virginia During the Period of Secession. By Eva D. Bell.....	329
Father of Woodrow Wilson. By Dr. Charles R. Hyde.....	331
First in the Art of War. By Richard D. Steuart.....	333
Kelly's Defense of Gordon. By T. D. Tinsley.....	335
John Yates Beall: An Appreciation. By Virginia Lucas.....	337
The Assault on Kennesaw Mountain. By C. C. Hulet.....	339
When Columbia Was Burned. By John C. Stiles.....	340
Unusual Experiences as Soldier and Prisoner. By Capt. S. A. Ashe.....	341
Life and Death. (Poem.) By G. M. Triplett.....	348
The Stone Mountain Emblem. (Poem.) By Virginia Frazer Boyle.....	355
Departments: Last Roll.....	344
U. D. C.....	350
C. S. M. A.....	354
S. C. V.....	356

## J. A. JOEL &amp; CO.



SILK AND BUNTING  
FLAGS AND BANNERS  
U. S., CONFEDERATE,  
AND STATE FLAGS  
SPECIAL FLAGS AND  
BANNERS MADE TO  
ORDER AT SHORT  
NOTICE

147 Fulton Street  
New York, N. Y.

## BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach;  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble deed.

—Horatius Bonar.

The Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross Association to enroll members for 1928 will be held as usual from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11 to 24.

Anyone who knew my husband, James Samuel Bartee, who served in Company E, Gillespie's Battalion, Texas Infantry, please write me. He enlisted at Huntsville, Tex. Have been trying to locate a witness that I may secure a much-needed pension. Mrs. E. B. Bartee, Seymour, Tex.

The widow of John W. Bundy, who was a member of Terry's Texas Rangers, enlisting at the age of sixteen at Hillsboro, Hill County, Tex., needs proof of his service in order to secure a pension, and she will appreciate hearing from any friends or comrades who can give any information of his war record. Address Mrs. M. C. Bundy, Cabot, Ark., Route No. 2.

Mrs. Nettie Wright Sory, of Isola, Miss., is trying to get a pension, but needs information on her husband's service as a Confederate soldier. Benjamin Davenport Sory enlisted at Pontotoc, Miss., in 1863 or 1864, and served under a Captain Mays, but she does not know the company or regiment. Any response may be addressed to H. Lee Herring, at Ruleville, Miss., who is trying to help her.



# Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918. Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,  
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,  
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,  
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;  
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXV. NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER 1927. No. 9. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM  
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

## UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

### GENERAL OFFICERS.

GEN. J. C. FOSTER, Houston, Tex. .... *Commander in Chief*  
GEN. H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn. .... *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*  
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La. ....  
..... *Assistant to the Adjutant General*  
GEN. W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla. .... *Chaplain General*

### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

GEN. E. D. TAYLOR, Richmond, Va. .... *Army of Northern Virginia*  
GEN. A. T. GOODWYN, Elmore, Ala. .... *Army of Tennessee*  
GEN. R. A. MILLER, Abilene, Tex. .... *Trans-Mississippi*

### DIVISION COMMANDERS.

ALABAMA—Jasper. .... Gen. T. P. Lamkin  
ARKANSAS—Little Rock. .... Gen. J. W. Hollis  
FLORIDA—Tallahassee. .... Gen. T. J. Appleyard  
GEORGIA—Atlanta. .... Gen. D. B. Freeman  
KENTUCKY—Richmond. .... Gen. N. B. Deacherage  
LOUISIANA—Coushatta. .... Gen. L. W. Stephens  
MARYLAND—Baltimore. .... Gen. H. M. Wharton  
MISSISSIPPI—Durant. .... Gen. F. A. Howell  
MISSOURI—Kansas City. .... Gen. A. A. Pearson  
NORTH CAROLINA—Ansonville. .... Gen. W. A. Smith  
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa. .... Gen. J. A. Yeager  
SOUTH CAROLINA—Columbia. .... Gen. D. W. McLaurin  
TENNESSEE—Nashville. .... Gen. John P. Hickman  
TEXAS—Dallas. .... R. C. Cornwall  
VIRGINIA—Petersburg. .... Gen. Homer Atkinson  
WEST VIRGINIA—Lewisburg. .... Gen. Thomas H. Dennis  
CALIFORNIA—Los Angeles. .... Gen. S. S. Simmons

### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

GEN. C. I. WALKER, Charleston, S. C. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
GEN. FELIX H. ROBERTSON, Waco, Tex. .... *Honorary Commander for Life*  
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. .... *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

## THE EIGHTIETH MILESTONE.

"Poor is the country that has no heroes, but beggared is that country which, having them, forgets," was the message sent out to his people by Commander in Chief Foster on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, July 24, 1927.

## FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

*Comrades:* Owing to the warm weather, I have had to decline invitations to some of the State reunions and other Confederate gatherings, but I expect to attend those meetings in the fall. In the meantime, I will ask the Commander of each State to write to his Brigadier Generals, urging them to reorganize their inactive Camps so that they can have as large representation as possible in the annual gatherings.

Some helpful information can be gotten by writing to Gen. J. A. Yeager, State Commander of Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., Tulsa, Okla., who has worked out a wonderful plan for reorganizing inactive Camps and has put his State at the top for the number of delegates.

With love and best wishes to each of you, my dear comrades.

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

## STATE REUNIONS, U. C. V.

The following State Divisions, United Confederate Veterans, will hold their annual reunions in the fall of 1927:

Alabama Division, Huntsville, October 12-14.  
Arkansas Division, Little Rock, October 11-12.  
Mississippi Division, Vicksburg, October 12-14.  
Tennessee Division, Franklin, October 13-14.  
Texas Division, San Angelo, October 6-7.

The people of Vicksburg, Miss., are preparing a fine entertainment for the veterans of the State when they meet there in annual reunion, October 12-14. The statue of Jefferson Davis, provided for by legislative enactment, will be unveiled on the morning of October 13.

Maj. Gen. Thomas P. Lamkin, commanding the Alabama Division, U. C. V., heartily indorses the suggestion of Commander in Chief Foster for the upbuilding of the VETERAN and with his own renewal to 1919 sends the names of three new subscribers. He writes that good attendance is expected for the annual meeting at Huntsville, October 12-14, and that the presence of Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, commanding the Army of Tennessee Department, and Adjutant in Chief, Harry Rene Lee, will be helpful in building up the State organization.

## Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

### MORE HISTORICAL "BUNK."

Several of the leading newspapers of the country have been carrying in their Sunday editions articles by their special writers founded on the tales of an old negro who claims to have been the camp servant and "real friend" of Gen. R. E. Lee. The ridiculousness of the claim to have been a "real friend" of General Lee is only equalled by the absurdity of the stories told by the old negro. If General Lee ever made a confidant of anyone with whom he was associated it is not known, and much less would he have revealed himself to a negro servant.

This old negro, William Mack Lee, has attended many reunions of the United Confederate Veterans and is always well treated, but he is sailing under false colors in claiming any association whatever with General Lee as camp servant or otherwise. There is no mention of his name in any of General Lee's letters, though some other negro servants are referred to, and if he had had the close association which he claims, his name would doubtless have appeared in some of General Lee's letters to his family. He has evidently read the life of the great general and talked about him until he has convinced himself of an association which never existed. He is not the first who has profited by claims too absurd to be given credence. Of similar type was the claim of one James Jones, a servant to President Davis, to have been intrusted with the safe-keeping of the Great Seal of the Confederacy, and whose story of having hidden it so securely that it could never be found until he revealed the secret of its hiding place is still believed by some people, who will not accept the fact that the handsome Great Seal, of solid silver, is now reposing in the Solid South Room in the Confederate Museum, Richmond, Va., and who believe that the old negro did hide it and died without revealing its hiding place.

But back to William Mack Lee and his ridiculous claims. Passing over many historical inaccuracies, which reputable newspapers should be ashamed to perpetrate upon a credulous public, one incident of the many absurdities set forth will be sufficient to brand the story as made up "from the whole cloth." In telling of being with General Lee at Gettysburg, this old negro says:

"Then we got into Pennsylvania, away up North, and Marse Robert gives orders everything is to be paid for. No levying on citizens, no burnin', no mistreatment. And he meant it, yes, sir, he did. Never treated a Yankee the way old Sherman did our folks. We was polite to them and paid for what we took. And it wasn't long till we got word the Yankees was closin' about us from the east. That was what Marse Robert wanted, though we ran into them sooner than he expected. Marse Stuart was off raidin' their lines somewhere, and we didn't know there was so many ahead. Just ran plumb into them right in Gettysburg, and Jubal Early drove them out. My, there was some pow'ful fightin' there, a regular rain of Minnie balls."

The article goes on:

"The larger events at Gettysburg are well known. After an early success the Confederates met stiffer resistance that gradually became a wall. And the engagement gave rise to the controversy now almost three-quarters of a century old whether Lee could have won had Longstreet attacked at

8 o'clock in the morning instead of 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Here took place the famous charge of Pickett's Brigade and the stemming of the Confederate tide. But the critical events paled before one of a more personal kind that befell William when grapeshot laid him low with wounds in the head and back.

"I felt like somebody had throwed hot tallow all over me," he said, 'and I fell at Marse Robert's feet, cryin': 'Help me, Marse Robert, help me.' But he laughed right smart and said, 'William, I can't; the Lord will have to do that.'"

"Then I told him, 'Well, Marse Robert, I wouldn't laugh if you was shot,' and he sobered down, answerin', 'No, William, you wouldn't. And I didn't laugh because you was shot, but at the way you hollered.' He said he never heard a dárky make such a fuss. Guess I did, too, and you can still see the scar on my head."

"There was the scar, right where William pointed."

Of course, the famous sword incident had to be brought out, with embellishments, and he gives it an original setting in the following:

"The famous surrender at Appomattox has been described many times in many ways. Such copious descriptions have surrounded the event with no little doubt. Every house in the neighborhood has been declared the site where Grant met Lee. Another version holds that they came together under an apple tree. William states the facts in still another way from the usual accounts.

"'Could I ever forget that day?' he asked, and answered himself, 'No, sir, I couldn't. First, I tidied up Marse Robert's uniform, wiped his boots and glasses till they shone, and buckled on his sword. Then with his staff around him, about twenty-five officers, he rode into Appomattox. I came on behind and we seed Grant comin', maybe a hundred men with him. They met near the courthouse, when Marse Robert got down from Traveller, lookin' tall and straight, and Grant got off his hoss, too. He was a stocky, frownin' man, with a brown beard and kinder rugged lookin'. But he came toward Marse Robert and they shook hands, and he said: 'Lee, come into this loghouse.'"

"They went into the courthouse, built of cyprus logs, and I saw Marse Robert draw his sword kind of slow, click his heels together, and hand it to Grant across his left arm. But Grant shook his head, positive like, and Marse Robert put it back. There was tears in their eyes, both of them.

"I couldn't bear no more. I went down the road a little way and waited, cryin' to myself. Yes, sir, I surely did, and I didn't want nobody to see me. They would think I was a fool dárky. But by and by Marse Robert rode along, sittin' straight and quiet, his officers around him, and the whole army come troopin' behind. They cheered his name and cried and wanted to carry him themselves. Yes, sir, I never seed so many men cry as on that day. Marse Robert sort of hurried on, he didn't like no expressions that way, but they kept comin' behind him, and some of them wept real hard, like a woman, 'deed they did, his soldiers, that had been fightin' for him four years.'"

And so the tale continues, a grain of truth appearing now and then to justify it. With most people getting their information from newspapers, what wonder that the history they learn is "bunk." The press of the country should be censored if we are to get at the truth. Why should they not be accurate even though their material is written hurriedly? When we get to the point where newspaper offerings are worthy of acceptance as the truth, then indeed will they have a place of solid worth. Till then, take their historic offerings *cum grano salis*.

## HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

BY DR. LYON G. TYLER, HOLDCROFT, VA.

In Miss Rutherford's calendar of "What the South May Claim," published in the April VETERAN, it is stated that "the South, through James K. Polk, added Texas and the Pacific Slope to the United States." This is doing justice to the South, but injustice to a Southern man who died in the service of the Confederacy, John Tyler, of Virginia. As ought to be well known, the annexation of Texas was the leading measure of his administration (1841-45), consummated by the joint resolutions passed on March 1, 1845, two days before Tyler's term expired. These resolutions provided that Texas might be admitted as a State of the American Union whenever a convention should frame a constitution suitable for the purpose. This proposition being accepted by the Texas Republic left nothing to the Polk administration but the execution of a lot of forms. The real work of the annexation of the territory was already done by John Tyler.

A letter from him, which I add to this communication, sets out the matter very strongly:

"To Gen. Thomas J. Green.

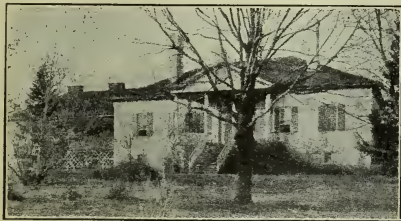
"SHERWOOD FOREST, February 28, 1856.

"Dear General: I take occasion to thank you for your kind reference to me in your remarks at the Richmond dinner. It would be indeed strange if my enemies could deprive me of the credit of having annexed Texas to the Union. I presented the question, urged it first in the form of a treaty to the Senate, met the rejection of the treaty by a prompt and immediate appeal to the House of Representatives, fought the battle before the people, and conquered its two formidable adversaries (Clay and Van Buren), with their trained bands, and two days before my term expired, adopted and enforced the alternate resolutions under which Texas took her place amid the fraternity of States. My successor did nothing but confirm what I had done.

"Nor is that all. Texas drew after it California; and I may well claim that, in regard to the whole subject, Mr. Polk was my *administrator de bonis non*. True, I would not have negotiated a treaty of peace without settling the slave question in that treaty, the omission to do which was a great blunder; of this I will talk to you when I see you.

"Accept the assurances of my constant esteem.

JOHN TYLER."



WHERE GENERAL RAMSEUR DIED.

On the famous Shenandoah Valley Pike, between Strasburg and Middletown, Va., is the old estate of Belle Grove, which is the heart of the battle field of Cedar Creek, and in the old mansion General Sheridan made his headquarters during the Valley campaign. It was here that Gen. Stephen Dodson Ramseur was taken after his mortal wounding in the battle of Cedar Creek, and where he died shortly afterwards. This old mansion was built in 1787 by Maj. Isaac Hite, who was aide de camp to General Washington in the Revolutionary War; his father was a pioneer in the Valley. Major Hite's first wife was Nellie Conway Madison, sister to President Madison, and it was at "Belle Grove" that Madison took refuge when the British captured Washington during the War of 1812.

## GOOD FRIENDS AND TRUE.

Though the suggestion made by Commander in Chief Foster in the August VETERAN has not resulted in doubling the VETERAN's circulation, the response has been encouraging in the interest manifested by old friends in the success of the publication. Some good friends not able to secure any new orders have sent advance subscription for themselves. One of these, R. M. Clayton, of Atlanta, says he is eighty-two years old and "will take a chance on four more years." So he renews to 1931. Good for him! Another comrade, T. B. Hogg, in renewing for several years, writes: "I have been reading the VETERAN for more than thirty years and am still getting lots of pleasure out of it." And this is the sentiment generally; yet there are many still who do not realize the pleasure and benefit they could get through having the VETERAN regularly. Commander J. A. Yeager, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., refers to an article in the August number "worth more than the yearly subscription," and he plans to make a stronger effort in that Division to build up the circulation. Commander Goodwyn, of the Alabama Division, responds with three new orders and his own renewal in advance. George H. Hubbard, of Kirbyville, Tex., "calls the Commander's bluff" and goes him one better by sending three new orders.

And so the good work is taken up by friends here and there, and though the result is not yet what is needed, it will be continued and the VETERAN's continuance assured. A little work by every good friend means a good deal to the VETERAN. Send for sample copies and give them out to those who ought to be interested in Southern history. The young people especially should be aroused.

## A VERMONT'S SECESSION.

The removal from the United States of Dr. William T. Kudlich, of Hoboken, N. J., widely-known president of St. Mary's Hospital of that city, because of his deep-rooted conviction that the United States was wrong in the policy of prohibition, had its prototype at Bellows Falls, Vt., during the civil war.

In 1861 one of the leading and wealthy citizens of the town, Eleazer Allbee, who had enjoyed much influence in town and county affairs and was a member of the constitutional conventions of 1822 and 1836 and the State legislatures of 1822 and 1823, sold all his property in Bellows Falls and other towns and removed to Canada, where he died three years later. This removal was occasioned by his conviction that the United States was committing a great sin in the prosecution of the civil war. He never again stepped on United States soil.

Previous to his death he wrote the following inscription to be placed upon the stone at the head of his grave as a permanent declaration of his sentiments. It stands in the cemetery of Stanstead, Province of Quebec:

"ELEAZER ALLBEE  
WAS BORN IN  
ROCKINGHAM, VT.,  
JUNE 19, 1785.

DIED IN STANSTEAD, C. E.,  
AUGUST 28, 1864.

"He went into voluntary banishment from his Beloved Native Country during the reign of terror in the Third Year of the Misrule of Abraham the First."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.



## THE SPIRIT OF THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

BY T. D. TINSLEY, MACON, GA.

During the War between the States, I was a member of Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, C. S. A., and participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge, poetically called "The Battle above the Clouds." Walker's Division was on the right of our line, and not only held the enemy in check, but drove them back after each charge. In the afternoon of the day, hearing cheering from the center, I remarked to Captain Fair of our company that we were giving them "Hail Columbia." He said in reply: "No, I do not think so. I do not like the cheering. It is 'hip! hip!' while our boys always yell." He was right. The center of our line broke. In a short while thereafter couriers from the center and left were galloping along the entire line with orders to move. After the center broke, it was followed by the left of our line. Hardee's Corps, to which Walker's Division was attached, came last.

In those days the distinction between commissioned officers and enlisted men was not so marked as at present, and I messed with Lieut. Charles du Bignon, a brother of Hon. Fleming du Bignon. Lieutenant du Bignon had a body servant, an old man named Abram. He had charge of du Bignon's valise as well as mine. On the retreat, finding a mule hitched to a sapling, all saddled and no claimant near, he appropriated him and affixed our belongings to the pommel of the saddle. Negro like, especially an old one, he could not resist the temptation of picking up from around the discarded camp any old piece of junk, such as a broken skillet, a cracked pot, and other cooking utensils.

Bragg's army was to retreat as far as Dalton, Ga., there to go into winter quarters. In crossing the river (the Chattooga, I think), old Abram concluded he would water his mule, but in some way missed the fording, and his mule plunged into the water over his head. He was so weighted down with rubbish and other articles that he quietly sank to the bottom, and it was good-by to our satchels as well as the mule. On reaching Dalton we saw nothing of the old man, and I remarked to Du Bignon that I was sure old Abram had deserted to the Yankees; but he thought not. The next day old Abram came up grinning, and said: "Young Marster, I sure aimed to fotch you a fine mule to ride on, but he was drowned and so was the bags. But here's your nigger all right."

After remaining in camp at Dalton awhile, I was furloughed and went to Savannah, where my uncle, William S. Rockwell, was in command of the barracks. I was here discharged and at once reappointed to my office in the Treasury Department at Milledgeville, and it is needless to say that I gladly went back to my old job.

During the session of the legislature there were weekly dances, and the young ladies of Milledgeville who had friends in the country near by were accustomed to invite them to come in to the dance and spend what remained of the night at their homes.

I boarded with Mr. Martin Edwards, and his daughter Annie invited Miss Sue Woodall, who lived in Jones County, near Haddock Station, to come in to the dance. She was a buxom, rosy-cheeked lass, and she asked me if I was going to the dance that night. I replied that I had no change of clothing whatever and nothing suitable to wear. She at once said: "I have seven yards of as pretty woven jeans as you ever saw. I carded every ounce of the wool myself, dyed the wool, and wove the cloth smoothly on our loom, and I will gladly give it to you if you will accept it." Of course, I thanked her gratefully, and she said she would bring it in the next time we had a dance. Then she asked me: "How is it that you have no clothes except those you have on?" I said: "My valise with

all my clothes in it was lost after the battle of Missionary Ridge." She looked at me with a frown on her forehead, curled her lips, and said: "Were you in that run?" I said: "We called it a retreat." She got up, put her arms akimbo and said: "Well, I call it a run, and I want to say just here and now, no man who ran from Missionary Ridge can wear Sue Woodall's jeans." She was right; I never did.

A number of years after, perhaps twenty-five, a middle-aged, comely woman called at my office and asked if I did not want to buy some fly brushes made of peacock feathers. They were very beautifully made, and I purchased two of them. Thinking I might care to order two more for my friend, I asked her name and where she lived. She replied: "Sue Woodall, from Jones County." It was my lady of the jeans. I said: "Don't you remember offering to give me seven yards of jeans when I was a young man and lived in Milledgeville?" She looked at me, and then said: "Why, yes, I do." "Well," I said, why didn't you bring it in on your next visit to Milledgeville." She threw back her head, laughed heartily, and said: "I did not think then you were fitten to wear 'em."

## PRESIDENT CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.



MRS. K. C. BLANKENBURG, OF SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Mrs. Kathryn Carter Blankenburg, now serving her second year as President of the California Division, U. D. C., was born in Texas, but resides in California. She is the daughter of Francis Watkins Carter, who was born in the old Carter home at Franklin, Tenn., a noted place in connection with the battle there. He and two brothers served in the 20th Tennessee Regiment. Her mother was a daughter of Maj. Thomas Francis Lockett, who served in Missouri under Sterling Price until sent to Texas to start a factory to make blankets, etc., for Confederate soldiers. With such a background, it is not surprising that Mrs. Blankenburg has devoted much of her time for many years to U. D. C. work. She made a new record for her State in historical work last year, and her efforts are now directed to building up the Children's Chapters. Her great interest is in working for true Southern history.

## REUNION OF NORTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The late reunion of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., held at Raleigh, August 2-4, was notable especially for the large attendance of veterans and for the entertainment provided by the hospitable citizens. Some five hundred of the three thousand veterans of the State now left were registered, the remnant of that glorious contribution of 125,000 made by North Carolina to the Confederate army. Among them was Maj. Charles M. Stedman, of the 44th North Carolina, now the only Confederate veteran in the United States congress. The general feeling was that this reunion was the best ever held. It seemed that nothing that could be done for the pleasure and comfort of the veteran guests had been left undone.

The veterans were quartered in the State College building, and the sessions were held in Pullen Hall, a part of the college. Receptions and luncheons and auto rides made up a round of entertainment which kept "the boys" on the go, but they were equal to all demands. The music and the pretty girls were inspiring at all times.

Gen. W. A. Smith, Commander of the Division, presided over the sessions, and he was reelected for another term. Other officers of the Division reelected at this meeting were: Gen. A. H. Boyden, Commander First Brigade; Gen. P. G. Alston, Commander Second Brigade; Gen. G. H. Hall, Commander Third Brigade. The Commander of the Fourth Brigade, J. W. Goodwin, having resigned, Col. J. M. Edwards was elected to that command, while General Goodwin was made Commander Emeritus.

The invitation of Tarboro for the reunion in 1928 was accepted. Its historic interest won the veterans. Tarboro was the home of Henry L. Wyatt, first to fall in Confederate ranks, Col. William Dorsey Pender, one of the State's immortals, and Col. S. S. Nash, one of the highest ranking officers among the survivors of the Confederacy.

The opening entertainment of the reunion was the reception on Tuesday afternoon, given at The House of the Oak, the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Andrews, honoring the maker of the Stars and Bars, Orren Randolph Smith, and his daughter, Miss Jessica Randolph Smith.

On Wednesday afternoon, a reception was given at Wakestone, the home of Hon. Josephus Daniels, in honor of the Division Commander and staff, and the Division Matron of Honor, Mrs. Henry A. London, of Pittsboro.

The reception at the Governor's Mansion on Thursday afternoon honored General Smith and staff, and a feature of this reception was the presentation of the portrait of Maj. Orren Randolph Smith to the State as the designer of the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

The historical pageant, "Women of North Carolina in the Confederacy," was given on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mrs. John Huske Anderson, State Historian, U. D. C., assisted by the Johnston Pettigrew Chapter. The scenes in this pageant were taken from Mrs. Anderson's book and were accompanied by the music of old Southern airs, the presentation being most pleasing in every way. Much credit is due to Mrs. Anderson for her fine work in gathering up much of the unpublished history of the State during the time of war, and which she has put in book form. In this pageant she had the part of Narrator, and interpreted the scenes for the audience.

The Sponsors' Ball followed the pageant, the grand march being led by Gen. A. W. Smith, with Mrs. A. W. McLean, wife of the governor.

## ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF BENTONVILLE.

An outstanding event in North Carolina will be the dedication of the memorial marker on the battle field of Bentonville, which is to be the beginning of a larger project with the U. D. C. at this historic place. Mrs. John H. Anderson writes that the marker is to be placed at the spot where General Johnston threw his forces across the road to intercept Sherman's forces.

The following invitation is cordially extended:

"The North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, requests the honor of your presence at the unveiling and dedication of the boulder marking the battle field of Bentonville, where North Carolina's Junior Reserves, on March 19, 20, 21, 1865, played a conspicuous part in withstanding Sherman's army. On Thursday, September 15, 1927, at eleven thirty in the morning near Bentonville, Johnston County, N. C.

MRS. WALTER P. WOODARD,  
President North Carolina Division, U. D. C., Wilson, N. C.

MRS. JOHN K. ANDERSON,  
Chairman Battleground Committee, Fayetteville, N. C."

Mrs. Anderson would like to hear from any soldier who was in the battle at Bentonville and recalls the woman who fought there with her husband in an Alabama regiment; she performed a heroic act in rescuing the body of her husband after he was killed and took it to the rear. This incident is told in a letter written by the father of Governor McLean, of North Carolina, the day after the battle.

## THE LAST TIME I SAW GENERAL LEE.

BY CHANNING M. SMITH, WARRENTON, VA.

Soon after the sad closing scenes of Appomattox, which ended forever the hope which we old soldiers had of a Southern Confederacy, Colonel Mosby called for volunteers to go into Richmond and, if possible, get some information as to what to do with his command. At that time, he had not heard of General Johnston's surrender to Sherman, nor of the capture of President Davis. Flanking the enemy's pickets, five of us entered the city the next night, and, putting up my horse at a livery stable, I went to the home of my uncle, General Chilton, who, at one time, was General Lee's Adjutant General, thinking that he might possibly give me some information upon the subject. The door at which I knocked was opened by Uncle Robert's oldest daughter, Laura. The family were all sitting in the dark, the gas works having been destroyed, when some one knocked at the door, and it proved to be General Lee. A candle was lighted. O what a change in his appearance! The last time I had seen him he was in the full glory of his splendid manhood, and now pale and wan with the sorrow of blighted hopes. I could not help, nor was I ashamed of, the tears which filled my eyes.

I told him that Colonel Mosby was anxious to know what to do and would be glad to receive any advice from him. His reply was this: "Give my regards to Colonel Mosby, and tell him that I am under parole, and cannot, for that reason, give him any advice." This shows, too, his high sense of honor. Through all his life, honor, to him, had been an everyday virtue. "But, General," I said, "What must I do?" His reply was: "Channing, go home, all you boys who fought with me, and help to build up the shattered fortunes of our dear old State." I never saw him again, but "no calumny can ever darken his fame, for history has lighted his name and image with her everlasting lamp."

## "BARBARA FRIETCHIE" REVISED.

When over the mountains, riding down  
Horse and foot into Frederick Town,

The "rebs" marched over the mountain wall,  
With their usual clatter and their usual gall,

Barbara Fritchie bedridden lay,  
And knew no odds 'twixt—Blue and Gray.

Whittier says not, but he did not know  
(At least the *Century* war papers show),

Though forty flags with their silver stars  
And forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped all morning, and then came down,  
When the hungry rebels came to town—

Barbara Fritchie didn't mind,  
She couldn't see 'em—being blind.

When up the street came the gray-clad boys,  
She probably muttered: "O drat their noise!"

And to Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead,  
Never a syllable Barbara said,

She didn't lean out of her window sill,  
To shake the flag with a royal will;

No! Barbara Fritchie, so they say,  
Stayed in bed that autumn day.

The "shade of sadness" and "blush of shame,"  
Which the poet alludes to never came.

Therefore, the salty but well-meant tear  
Will please cease falling on Stonewall's bier—

'Tis twenty-odd years since the fight was o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

And the heroes in blue and the same in gray  
Love to tell of the awful day—

When hearing the conquering rebel tread,  
Barbara Fritchie stayed in bed.

And valorous generals love to walk  
Through the well-paid pages of gory talk.

Blood-red ink and steel pen  
In the *Century* meet and fight again.

Flag of Freedom and Union wave,  
O'er the land of the true but inky brave.

—Puck.

In sending the above poem complete, a friend of the VER-  
ERAN also sends a contribution clipped from the *Baltimore*  
*Sun* of July 14, which takes a whack at the people of Fred-  
ericktown, who are commercializing a poetic libel. This  
correspondent says:

"There are some who would cheerfully condone the

Fritchie hoax, which certain citizens of Frederick are handing  
out to a confiding public as history. This (advertising) de-  
ception is excused on the ground that, after all, it is harmless;  
that people like to be humbugged, and what would we do  
without myths.

"Unfortunately, there are some features of this particular  
myth that are overlooked, because, perhaps, the leniently  
disposed do not recall the nature of its reflections and the  
circumstances under which the myth appeared. Every war  
induces bitter misrepresentations which may be labeled under  
the head of propaganda. In this the Whittier poem excels.

"The writer, who is of Northern ancestry, recalls that in  
his boyhood he lived in a relative's house in Philadelphia, the  
attic of which was covered with propaganda from *Harper's*  
*Weekly*. I recall that one of the illustrations represented the  
Southern soldiers scalping the Federal dead and wounded  
after the first battle of Bull Run.

"Yet no army in all history passed into hostile territory with  
such high regard for the rights of noncombatants as did Lee's  
army on its two Northern campaigns; but in Whittier's poem  
(in which even the name of the alleged heroine is wrongly  
spelled), Stonewall Jackson, upon the very sight of the Stars  
and Stripes, becomes infuriated and orders a rifle volley fired  
into Barbara's house that "shivered the window, pane and  
sash," while tearing "the banner with seam and gash." Thereupon Dame Barbara (who was partly blind and had been  
bedridden for ten or twelve years) lightly leaped to the win-  
dow and "snatched the silken scarf" as it fell from its broken  
staff! At this spirited rebuke, a "shade of sadness" and a  
"blush of shame" suffused the countenance of the errant  
"rebel"; the poet records that "the nobler nature" within  
him "stirred to life"; hence, he refrained from shooting at  
the "old gray head!"

"Was there ever so much bunk set forth in a poem that is  
even now in thousands of schools seriously recited as his-  
torical? No wonder that a very large number of Frederick  
people tell me they themselves feel the "blush of shame"  
when they see their fellow citizens commercializing a hoax  
somewhat in keeping with the exhibition of the rival skulls of  
John the Baptist!

Charles W. Super writes from Athens, Ohio: "I am greatly  
surprised and somewhat amused to come across the name of  
any man in this year of our Lord 1927, who takes for granted  
the historic truth of the Barbara Fritchie incident. I sup-  
posed that it had been completely 'squelched' more than  
half a century ago. From 1872 to 1875 I was associated with  
a woman in Cincinnati who was born in Frederick about  
1830 and had lived in that city most of her life. She told me  
that she not only never heard of the incident during her resi-  
dence there, but that she never came across anybody who knew  
it. If Barbara Fritchie was, as is claimed, a German, she did  
not spell her name as it is spelled in the poem. To make her  
a German, however, adds a little to the verisimilitude of the  
incident, as the Germans both here and in their native land  
were conspicuously opposed to slavery. I never heard or saw  
mention of the source of Whittier's poem, but suppose he got  
the idea where spiders get the materials for their webs and  
poets generally get their materials. In the picturesque if  
not elegant language of Josh Billings: 'It is better not to know  
so much than to know so much that ain't so.' Poetry is not  
written to tell the truth, but to move or to please the  
reader. The truth of this can be proved by thousands of  
instances. For one instance, when I was a schoolboy, almost  
every reader contained the 'Burial of Sir John Moore.' It is



now known that the poem was not written until almost ten years after the incidents it claims to narrate, and it is altogether fictitious. Two other much-read poems of my early days were Byron's account of the battle of Waterloo and his Prisoner of Chillon. Both are far from the truth. To call rebels traitors is both untrue and unreasonable. Rebellion is neither a sin nor a crime unless it is made so by statute. That Jefferson Davis was not a traitor was ably demonstrated by Dr. Bledsoe in his well-known volume. The book has since been reprinted under another title, which seems to me to have been a mistake."

## VIRGINIA DURING THE PERIOD OF SECESSION.

BY EVA E. BELL, STATE HISTORIAN, VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

As Virginia had borne a conspicuous part in the foundation of the Union, so when civil dissension arose and her integrity was threatened, she was foremost in mediation. She put forth every effort to avert war. Before the dark storm cloud which had been so long hovering burst in fury upon the land, she exerted all her great power and all of her persuasive influence to avert the dire calamity, to preserve the public peace, and to restore to the contending sections the spirit of fraternal concord and harmony. She even sent commissioners to some of her more impatient sisters of the South to advise a course of moderation.

Virginia had been ardently attached to the constitutional union of 1789 because it was, in great part, the creation of her own and because she regarded the safety of the Union as the safety of the State, but she had consistently maintained the doctrine of State Rights, of which her Jefferson, Madison, and Mason were the great expounders.

Between two embittered legions, between two angry and hostile portions of the Union, Virginia steps in to mend the discord.

On January 19, 1861, her General Assembly in extra session passed the *unanimous* resolution inviting "all such States of the Union as are willing to unite with Virginia in an earnest effort to adjust the present unhappy controversies" to appoint commissioners "to meet on the fourth day of February, next, in the city of Washington."

Twenty-one States responded. She began to look around for cool-headed, conservative men of ability to represent her. She sent as her delegates ex-President John Tyler, William C. Rives, John W. Brockenbrough, George W. Summers, and James A. Sed-lon.

John Tyler was chosen president of this conference, which became known as the Peace Congress. On assuming the chair, Mr. Tyler made a forceful, patriotic address in behalf of the Union, peace, and harmony.

The Virginia delegation urged the Crittendon resolutions as a basis of adjustment; they were rejected. Then an article of seven sections was directed to be submitted to Congress; it failed to secure Congressional recommendation, and thus the peace conference, inaugurated by Virginia, passed into history as a failure, and the Virginia delegates went sadly home.

On the 13th of February, 1861, the members of the Virginia convention (elected in pursuance of the act of the General Assembly passed on January 14 of that year) assembled at the Capitol in Richmond and organized by electing John Janney as president and John L. Eubank secretary. This was an eminently conservative body of men, animated by high and patriotic principles. It embraced men of lofty character, profound learning, and large experience in public affairs. The reputation of some of them as orators extended the limits of the Union.

On February 16, a committee of twenty-one was appointed

to whom all resolutions touching Federal relations were referred.

On February 18, commissioners from three of the seceded States appeared before this convention to invite the co-operation of Virginia. They were Hon. Fulton Anderson, Mississippi; Hon. Henry L. Benning, Georgia; Hon. John S. Preston, South Carolina. Mr. Anderson, of Mississippi, in his exordium said: "We recognize Virginia as leader in the struggle for independence, foremost not only in vindication of our own rights, but in defense of the endangered liberties of her sister colonies, and by the eloquence of her orators and statesmen and by the courage of her people arousing the whole American people in resistance to British aggression. And when the common cause had been crowned with victory under her great warrior and statesman, we recognize her also as the leader in that great work by which the colonies were united under a written Constitution which has been the source of unexampled progress in all that constitutes the greatness and happiness of a nation. Nor do we forget that progress has been due in a preeminent degree to the magnificent generosity of Virginia in donating as a free gift to her country that vast territory northwest of the Ohio River which her arms alone had conquered and which now constitutes the seat of empire and, alas! the seat of power which now erects its haughty crest in defiance and hostility and threatens the honor and prosperity of this great State."

After reviewing events which had taken place in Mississippi since the election of Mr. Lincoln upon a platform of irreconcilable conflict between the two sections of the Union, Mr. Anderson said: "In conclusion, gentlemen, let me renew to you the invitation of my State, Mississippi, and people to invite and coöperate with your Southern sisters. Come and be received as an elder brother whose council shall guide our actions and whose leadership we will willingly follow. Come and give the aid of your advice in council and your arms in battle, and be assured when you do come, the signal of your movements will send a thrill of joy vibrating through every Southern heart from the Rio Grande to the Atlantic."

Mr. Benning, of Georgia, on the same day made a strong argumentative address in which he explained to the convention the reasons which had induced Georgia to take the important step of secession. He then laid before them facts and considerations in favor of the acceptance by Virginia of the invitation to join Georgia and the other seceded States in favoring the Confederacy.

Mr. Preston, from South Carolina, made an address of surpassing power and eloquence. He called attention to the fact that in the treaty of peace with Great Britain that government acknowledged the States severally and by name as sovereign and independent, and that the whole spirit and genius of the Constitution of 1789 recognized the sovereignty of the States. In conclusion, Mr. Preston said: "Sir, wherever Virginia has a son beyond her borders, his voice is known because he speaks the ancient tongue of his mother. Mr. President, I am one of the humblest of these sons; I have promised my adopted brethren they will hear the stately tramp of a mighty host of men and they will see floating above that host a banner whose whole history is a blaze of glory and not one blot of shame, and coming from that host they will hear one voice only, the echo of the voice which thundered into the hearts of your godlike sons, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' and on that banner will be the unsullied name Virginia. The world knows her history and knows no history above it. And, knowing it, none dare doubt where Virginia will be found when her offspring, *divine liberty and justice*, calls her to the conflict."

Notwithstanding the fervid eloquence and matchless oratory of Mr. Preston, and the coercive addresses which had gone before, the convention remained firm and unmovable.

At that time, according to Mr. John Goode (a member), the House stood one-fourth for immediate secession, one-fourth for the Union unconditionally, and one-half for making still further efforts to effect pacification and avoid dissension. Reports and various substitutes made by the committee and proposed by individual members were ably and earnestly discussed for several weeks.

After Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address, March 4, 1861, excitement at Richmond was greatly intensified, the galleries of the convention hall were packed long before the time of meeting.

A committee of three members—William B. Preston, Alexander H. Stuart, and George W. Randolph—were sent to Washington to request Mr. Lincoln to communicate to them his intended policy toward the seceding States. He replied: "Not having as yet seen occasion to change, it is now my purpose to pursue the course marked out in the inaugural address."

When the committee returned to Richmond and reported the result, the committee went into secret session to consider it. While they were deliberating, Mr. Lincoln, on April 5, issued his famous proclamation calling forth the militia of the several States to aggregate 75,000, for the purpose of coercing the seceding States. Virginia's quota was two thousand and three hundred and forty men. In response, Governor Letcher, that noble old Roman who had labored most energetically and patriotically to stay the rising tide of dissension, promptly replied that he would furnish no troops for any such purpose, and added: "You, sir, have chosen to inaugurate civil war."

The proclamation destroyed all hope of a peaceful settlement; it determined the action of the convention. They realized the Union had already been dissolved by the withdrawal of the seven seceding States, and the proclamation of President Lincoln had reduced Virginia to a most distressing alternative. She must fight on one side or the other.

On April 16, William Preston submitted an ordinance prepared by Charles R. Schlatter, of Lynchburg, "an ordinance to repeal the ratification of the Constitution of the United States by the State of Virginia, to resume all rights and powers granted by the said Constitution."

After an earnest and solemn debate during which strong men were seen to weep bitter tears, the convention, on April 17, adopted by a vote of eighty-eight to fifty-five the ordinance by Mr. Preston.

The ordinance was submitted to the people, and on the fourth Thursday in May was ratified by a large majority. The vote stood 125,950 for and 20,373 against it.

During the interval between the adoption of the ordinance of secession by the convention (April 17, 1861) and its ratification by the people (fourth Thursday in May, 1861), it became necessary to appoint a commander in chief of the military forces of Virginia. Governor Letcher appointed Robert E. Lee, with the rank of major general, and the appointment was unanimously confirmed and made known to him on April 23, 1861.

General Lee entered the House of Delegates leaning upon the arm of Marmaduke Johnson. He had been immediately preceded by Alexander H. Stephens, Governor Letcher, and the members of his advisory council—Judge John J. Allen, President of Court of Appeals, Col. Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, and Commodore Matthew F. Maury, of world-wide renown.

When General Lee entered the hall, every member of the

convention rose to his feet. When he reached the center of the main aisle, he stood while he listened to the eloquent welcome of the president of the convention, John Janney. Among other things Mr. Janney said: "When the necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces, all hearts and eyes, with an instinct which is a surer guide than reason, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the Father of His Country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and, last but not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well by your deeds that her productive power was not yet exhausted. We watched with the most profound and intense interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We know of the unfading luster that was shed upon the American armies by that campaign, and we know also, what your modesty has disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and military genius.

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this time among the living citizens of Virginia, 'first in war.' We pray to God most fervently that you may conduct the operations committed to your charge, that it will soon be said of you that you are the 'first in peace'; and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being 'first in the hearts of your countrymen.' When the Father of His Country made his last will and testament he gave his swords to his favorite nephews, with the injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defense, or in defense of the rights and principles of their country, and that if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them. Yesterday your mother Virginia placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that in all things you will keep it to the letter and spirit, that you will draw it only in defense, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than that the object for which it is placed there should fail."

Upon conclusion of Mr. Janney's address, General Lee, with evident emotion, replied:

"*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:* Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality; I would have much preferred had the choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

How sublime in its unaffected simplicity and modesty! A noble soul dedicating himself to his State.

---

FOR VIRGINIA.—Does it not seem a travesty to link the names of Washington and Jefferson with that of Lincoln as proposed for carving on a mountain side in North Dakota? No one can doubt that Washington and Jefferson, if in the flesh when Lincoln called for 75,000 men to invade the South, would have done exactly as R. E. Lee did, offered all they possessed to repel the invasion of their State.—*R. deT. Lawrence, Marietta, Ga.*

---

"No trumpet's note need harshly blare,  
No drum funeral roll—  
No trailing sables drape the bier  
That frees a dauntless soul."

## THE FATHER OF WOODROW WILSON.

BY DR. CHARLES R. HYDE, IN CHATTANOOGA NEWS.

"My best training came from my father," said Woodrow Wilson, "the epic figure of his era," as Josepeus Daniels calls him. So the life of the Rev. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson assumes a very vital aspect.

This statement by Woodrow Wilson is a clear refutation of the oft-repeated declaration that ministers' sons amount to nothing, but are indeed a liability to society.

Ministers' sons have held their own in the race of life, despite this popular misstatement. This belief may be traced back 1,100 years before Christ to the tragic history of the sons of two eminent ministers of the olden day, Eli and Samuel.

"Eli's sons made themselves vile, and their father restrained them not," Samuel's sons were born grafters and a stench in the nostrils of the people. Both fathers were apparently so engrossed with the public welfare that they did not look after their own sons.

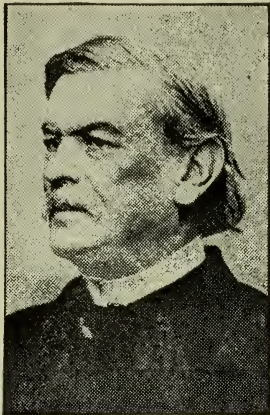
Leaving out other lines of endeavor—business, art, poetry, literature, science, invention, medicine, law—in which ministers' sons have measured up to others far beyond their proportion in numbers, I take public life alone. One in nine of the Presidents of the United States have been sons of ministers. One in four of the "first ladies of the land" were ministers' daughters.

In this illustrious galaxy appear, among others, John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence; Henry Clay, Grover Cleveland, Levi P. Morton, Chester A. Arthur, Charles Evans Hughes, Woodrow Wilson, the son of the subject of this sketch; James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and George Bancroft. Numerous United States senators and judges of the United States Supreme and all inferior courts could be named.

Dr. Joseph R. Wilson was born at Steubenville, Ohio, February 28, 1822, the seventh son of his parents, James Wilson and Anne Adams, both of Ulster, in Ireland. He was Presbyterian to the bone on both sides of the house. He and all of his brothers were brought up to the printer's trade, in which he became very proficient.

But Joseph R. was the scholar of the family. His bent was for the higher education, and he graduated with honors from the best schools of the day. He finished at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Ohio to the Presbyterian ministry in 1849.

Two weeks before that time he was married to Janet (Jessie) Woodrow, on June 7, 1849. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Dr. Thomas Woodrow, who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Chillicothe, Ohio.



DR. JOSEPH R. WILSON

This splendid likeness of President Wilson's father was photographed about 1885, and shows a marked resemblance to the distinguished son.

Dr. Wilson became a professor in Jefferson College, then taught for four years in Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia. In 1855 he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Staunton, Va., where his distinguished son was born in the manse, December 28, 1856.

In the spring of 1858, Dr. Wilson was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Augusta, Ga. Here he remained twelve years, covering the stormy period of the War between the States.

In 1861, Dr. Wilson invited to his Church the representatives of the Southern Presbyteries, who were to form ("if the way be clear") the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer was chosen Moderator of that meeting and Dr. James H. Thornwell chairman of the committee to give to the world reasons for the separate organization.

Dr. Wilson thus describes the report of that committee many years afterwards:

"The thrill of that hour is upon me now. The house was thronged—galleries and floor. The meager person of the intellectual athlete, Dr. James H. Thornwell, occupied a small space in front of the pulpit and so near as to gain from the framework a partial support; for even now he felt the approach of fatal disease.

"Every eye was upon him and every sound was hushed as by a spell, while for forty historic minutes this Calvin of the modern Church poured out a stream of elevated utterance as he of Geneva never surpassed, his arguments being as unanswerable as they were logically compact."

Dr. Wilson went in 1870 to teach in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C. The method of education pursued by Dr. and Mrs. Wilson in the case of Woodrow Wilson was rather peculiar. The boy did not know his letters until he was nine years of age. But before that time he was perfectly familiar with the English classics, prose and poetry, read aloud, and discussed in the family circle. His father walked and talked with the boy about literature, and taught him accuracy of expression. The use of the best word was insisted upon, and Dr. Wilson taught his son that "you do not know a subject until you can put it into the fewest and most expressive words."

In 1874, Dr. Wilson accepted the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, N. C., where he remained eleven years. Leaving Davidson College after a year's study, Woodrow Wilson spent a year in intimate association with father and mother at Wilmington. Woodrow Wilson went to Princeton in 1875, and not until the closing years of Dr. Wilson's life was he again closely associated with his father.

But the work was done, and the mind of Woodrow Wilson was stamped for life with the impress of his father, who was teacher, theologian, preacher, and also the father of Woodrow Wilson's style. For clarity and incisiveness that style has never been surpassed in our public life.

In 1885 Dr. Joseph R. Wilson went to teach in the Theological Department of the Southwestern Presbyterian University at Clarksville, Tenn. There he served until 1893, when he was retired at seventy-one years of age.

But he was still the chief executive officer of the General Assembly, being "stated clerk and treasurer" until 1898, when he resigned, being in his seventy-seventh year. He had served the Assembly continuously since 1861, as "permanent clerk" and "stated clerk and treasurer."

In 1879 Dr. Wilson was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, which met in Louisville, Ky. This is the highest honor within the gift of the Church, and usually only men of distinguished achievement are chosen for the place.



For some fifteen years I knew Dr. Wilson. I was associated with him in the Presbytery of Nashville, in the General Assembly, and in Richmond, Va., after he had retired from active service. He was always companionable and of a sunny and optimistic disposition.

Dr. Wilson was tall and of massive frame, and in later years was rather inclined to weight. He was erect and of easy carriage, even after he was seventy-seven years of age.

His eyes were the most wonderful I have ever seen; keen and penetrating as Mussolini's, but kinder and gentler, and with an engaging twinkle that was reminiscent of his Ulster father.

Dr. Wilson was a maker and a lover of home. His wife died in 1888, when he was theological professor at Clarksville, Tenn. For many years he was a lonely man.

Before going to live with his son, Woodrow, at Princeton, he spent some winters in Richmond, Va., where my wife and little boys and I knew him well. He was often a welcome guest in our home and always cheerful and entertaining. He loved to sit by the fireside and talk and listen. He was fond of children and loved to watch the lady of the house at her needlework. Once she was sewing the lace on a handkerchief about six inches square. Dr. Wilson picked it up, laughed heartily, and said: "Who but a woman would ever think of calling that thing a handkerchief?"

Dr. Wilson never tired of talking of his son, Woodrow, whom he expected to occupy the most exalted place in the nation. It was his joy to spend his last few years in that home at Princeton, from which he was finally carried to his long sleep.

It is exactly characteristic of Dr. Wilson, though some other "parson" may have said it too, when one of his country members near Wilmington said to him: "Parson, how is it that your horse is so sleek and fat and you are so skinny?" "That's easy," said Dr. Wilson, "I feed my horse and my congregation feeds me." Dr. Wilson's humor was spontaneous and perennial and even colored the solemnest discussions.

In the General Assembly at Dallas, Tex., May, 1895, a discussion was in progress on the subject of closer relations with other Presbyterian bodies. Dr. Wilson was then seventy-three years of age.

At his request I was sitting near him on the platform; to tell him what was going on, for his hearing was not keen. A cross-eyed man was passionately speaking on the subject.

Dr. Wilson leaned over to me and whispered so that the Moderator, Dr. C. R. Hemphill, could also hear: "Hyde, I think that man ought to get his eyes on closer relations before he says much more on that subject." The dignity of the court was almost upset.

Dr. Wilson whispered more than once: "Hyde, what are they talking about? Why will they conduct a whispering gallery?"

In 1905 I was on my way to Little Rock, Ark., to take charge of the Second Presbyterian Church. Woodrow Wilson, then the President of Princeton University, was on the train. He was faultlessly dressed and very dignified.

Knowing him from his pictures and having known his father so well, I introduced myself to him. He was friendly and cordial. When I told him where I was going, he was at once alert and interested and told me that his sister's husband, the Rev. Ross Kennedy, had been the first pastor of the Church to which I was going.

Then I told Woodrow Wilson a true story of his father, for I was part of the scene. He showed himself entirely human and laughed heartily, for the story was new to him.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Nashville an old medical

doctor was obsessed with the notion that young preachers should not use tobacco. He brought up his usual resolution that no young man should be admitted to ordination who used tobacco. This resolution was new to Dr. Wilson, but not to the rest of us.

Dr. Wilson's indignation burned against the old physician, and he scorched him with a blistering speech. His dark-brown eyes flashed fire, and he wanted to know where such a person came from. Dr. Wilson used tobacco and thought the habit entirely consistent with ministerial dignity and virtue. The old physician quailed before the hot shot.

When Dr. Wilson paused, a young preacher who did not use tobacco hopped up and moved that a committee be appointed to inquire into the character of any preacher who did not use tobacco.

This created great merriment, in which Dr. Wilson heartily joined, and the incident closed. Woodrow Wilson visualized his father in the scene and laughed like a boy.

The father of Woodrow Wilson expected him to be President. His early training lent itself to this end. Dr. Wilson taught his son mental discipline, ability to study and think, attention to detail (of which the elder Wilson was past master), large capacity for careful and accurate expression, and submission to conscience.

The father clearly saw the rugged road before "the scholar in politics," but he believed in Woodrow's star.

True, John Quincy Adams was a scholar, but he was a kind of inheritor of the presidency.

James A. Garfield was decidedly scholarly, but he leaned upon his soldier's record and that of a great representative in congress.

Theodore Roosevelt was a scholar, but he was also a Rough Rider and the governor of New York.

Woodrow Wilson was preeminently "the scholar in politics," and despite the "taint," he made the grade and carried the highest ideals of scholarship into the presidency.

Joseph R. Wilson was guided by it, and Woodrow Wilson would not violate it. That a public official could be led by his conscience was utterly incomprehensible to the average politician.

Urged in a cabinet meeting to lay down his work and engage in a recreation which he loved, he said: "My boss forbids me to do it." "Your boss?" "Yes, my conscience will not allow me to seek recreation when necessary work calls." So the father is projected through the son.

If Woodrow Wilson made a true diagnosis of his own case, then the world will owe a debt of gratitude for generations to come to Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson and Janet Woodrow Wilson, his wife, the father and mother of the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

#### THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE.

Across the waters of Lake Pontchartrain and following the shore to the gates of New Orleans they are fast bringing to completion the longest concrete highway bridge in the world. The structure has two bascule draws and is fourteen and five-tenths miles in length. For the first time in over two centuries the city will be given an outlet to the north and east for vehicular traffic, and motor tourists to Gulf ports or anywhere along the Old Spanish Trail can enjoy practically an unbroken stretch between Jacksonville and San Diego. In addition to the New Orleans-Pontchartrain bridge, some \$62,000,000 is now being spent to give the Southern tourist the same type of highways that have contributed so much to the growth of motor touring in the North.—Contributed.

## FIRST IN THE ART OF WAR.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

Despite their limited facilities for making munitions and arms and the fact that the South was not a manufacturing country, the military genius of the Confederates was manifested in many ways, particularly in the invention, development, and use of breech-loading and repeating cannon and machine guns.

Of the breech-loading cannon used in the Confederacy, probably the best known were the Whitworth and Armstrong guns imported from England. The Whitworth, by the way, was the first breech-loading cannon used in the War between the States. Just before the attack on Sumter, in 1861, C. K. Prioleau sent a small caliber Whitworth breech-loading cannon to Charleston as a present. J. M. Eason cast four hundred hardened bolts in time for the bombardment.

While many English Whitworth, Blakely, and Armstrong cannon were imported by the Confederates, probably only those of small caliber were breechloaders. However, in the *VETERAN* for October, 1926, I find the statement that Battery D, 10th North Carolina Artillery, was equipped with 20-pounder breechloaders in the winter of 1864-65. Five of these were Whitworths and one an Armstrong.

Gen E. P. Alexander, one of the South's brilliant artillery experts, also mentions the importation from England of a Clay three-inch breech-loading gun, "an improvement on the Armstrong."

Many breech-loading cannon were made and tried out in the South. One of these in common use was the Hughes gun. D. W. Hughes, an inventive genius and a native of Missouri, went to Memphis at the outbreak of the war and invented his breech-loading gun, throwing an inch-and-a-half ball three miles. The principle of his invention was a breech block with a broken screw, a device which has yet to be improved upon. The Confederate government granted Hughes a patent February 18, 1863, and it is said that Hughes made fifty of these guns. They were of brass, about four and a half feet long, and fired by primer as an ordinary cannon.

Hughes died in 1912 and is buried at his old home, Vandalia, Mo.

The records show that Capt. J. L. Terrell's Mississippi Battery had two Hughes guns in 1863.

Confederate and Union records of the war contain many references to other breech-loading cannon of Southern origin.

The *Galveston News* of June 20, 1861, says: "A. Richards, an ingenious mechanic, has invented a breech-loading cannon easily managed. The foundry at Hampstead has cast an iron six-pounder for the Confederate troops."

Gen. John R. Baylor invented a breech-loading cannon pulled by one horse. It fired a can of canister and was made at Cushman's Foundry, Houston, for the "Ladies' Rangers." This cannon was one of those taken across the Rio Grande in 1865 by General Marmaduke's men.

Dr. W. B. Lindsay, of New Orleans, also invented a breech-loading cannon firing thirty shots a minute, according to newspaper accounts of May, 1861.

Major Weiler, of the Federal army, reports that at the fall of Macon he found buried in the smallpox burial grounds and exhumed four "Travis guns," brass two-pounders and breechloaders.

The *Richmond Examiner* of June 7, 1861, has this interesting note: "Messrs Leeds, in Delord Street, Norfolk, have just finished a Saunders gun, a brass breechloader with hexagonal bore. It is of small caliber, highly finished, and cast on the Dahlgren plan, very thick everywhere."

Other notes in the *Richmond Examiner* referring to breech-loading cannon follow:

June 24, 1861: "Wright & Rice, iron and brass founders, of Florence, Ala., have invented a breech-loading cannon that can be fired ten times a minute."

February 20, 1862: "We have seen a model of a breech-loading cannon invented by W. Dillard. It is not adapted to light artillery, being too delicate for rough driving."

September 19, 1861: "A new breech-loading cannon invented by Mr. Nichols, superintendent of the G. H. and H. Railroad, was tried out to-day. It is of wrought iron, four feet long, and one and a quarter inch bore, rifled. It is self-priming and takes a pound ball like a Minie ball and three ounces of powder. Extreme range at fifteen degrees was three to four miles."

M. H. Beazley, wrote February 5, 1862: "We propose to take the Fanny Morgan, for which we will provide a one-pounder rifle invented by Mr. Nichols of this city, and endeavor to draw out the launches of the Santee. With an improved ball to try out the gun, we will fire on the Santee at three-mile range."

General Magruder reported June 24, 1863: "There are no long-range guns available for these boats except the Nichols guns."

And on August 9, 1863, Maj. Leon Smith, Confederate navy, reported: "I found the Nichols gun totally unfit for service and turned it in."

The Advisory Council of Virginia was informed, in April, 1861, that the breech-loading cannon invented by Gen. John B. Floyd was "superior to the Armstrong gun," but there is no record of one being made.

The first machine gun used in warfare was taken into action by the Confederates at the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862. This gun was the invention of Capt. R. S. Williams, of Covington, Ky., and was made at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond, the first year of the war.

The Williams gun is described as a steel, breech-loading, rifled gun, with a barrel four feet long and two-inch bore, shooting a one-pound ball. At the breech was a huge cylinder, revolved by a crank, while a sliding hammer struck a percussion cap for each discharge.

The first of these Williams guns was tried out at Seven Pines by the inventor and went into battle with Pickett's Brigade. The results were so satisfactory that the government had six more guns made, which were issued to Williams later, Capt. J. J. Schoolfield's Battery, attached to Giltner's Kentucky brigade.

Another interesting feature about the Williams gun was that it had an air-cooled barrel.

In the battle of Raytown, Ky., the battery is said to have done effective work.

In the *Richmond Daily Examiner* are these notes:

May 20, 1862: "The Williams mounted breech-loading rifle, which it is claimed will throw twenty balls a minute a distance of fifteen hundred yards, will be tried out at a target this afternoon on the river above the Tredegar Iron Works."

May 27, 1862: "General Floyd attended a trial to-day of the Williams mounted rifle, firing eighteen to twenty ball shots a minute, and mounted on a carriage lighter than a mountain howitzer. It shot accurately one thousand yards."

One of the Williams guns of Schoolfield's Battery was captured by a daring Federal scout in Tennessee. He crept into the camp of the battery and carried away one of the guns while the men slept. This gun was sent to Frankfort Arsenal as a curiosity.

General Pope, the Federal commander in the West, reported

March 1, 1862, the capture of two small caliber, breech-loading cannon, "beautifully rifled and handsomely mounted on four wheels drawn by two horses each. They have an ingenious repeating apparatus at the breech."

These may or may not have been Williams guns, but it is a fact that many of the guns were made and used successfully. General Chalmers, of Forrest's Cavalry, reported, October 13, 1863, that he had five Williams guns. Two others were captured by the Union troops at Jackson, Miss., in 1863, and there are many references to others in use.

But the Federals were not far behind the Confederates in trying out a machine gun, for the records show that North Carolina troops captured two "revolving cannon with hoppers into which bullets were poured" at the battle of Gaines's Mill, in June, 1862. General Trimble, of the Confederate army, says his men were exposed to the fire of these guns for two hours.

Later in 1862, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, of North Carolina, made his first revolving gun in Indianapolis. It fired two hundred shots a minute. Army officers saw them tried and rejected them, but thirteen were made and two sent to Washington and eleven to Baltimore. General Butler bought the Baltimore guns for \$1,000 each and used them in his campaign against Richmond in 1864.

The Federals also brought out what was known as the Billingham and Requa gun, which was composed of twenty-five rifle barrels arranged in a horizontal plane and held in position on a light carriage. They were served by three men and fired seven volleys a minute, with a range of about fifteen hundred yards.

The 3rd Rhode Island Artillery, Battery C, had two of these guns in 1864. The 39th Illinois Volunteers also used them.

Major machine guns were invented and used in the South. Maj. Austin Leyden invented a revolving cannon similar to the Gatling gun.

The *Richmond Examiner* of March 25, 1862, thus describes the "Lynch gun": "The merits of the new cannon for grape shot invented by Mr. Lynch were tested Tuesday at the Falls Plantation. At one-fourth of a mile it literally covered with grape shot a space of one hundred and thirty-six feet. Its caliber is half that of a six-pounder and it is calculated that this gun will fill the place and effectively do the work of four six-pounders."

And in the *Examiner* of March 28: "Colonel Dimock witnessed another trial of the Lynch gun. Forty-eight canister shot were fired and forty-five struck the target."

This note in the *Examiner* of August 16, 1861, is worthy of attention: "Mr. T. F. Christian, of Salem, N. C., has invented a gun that throws one hundred and forty-four balls at a fire, one thousand and eight per minute. It is a terrible weapon, but so simple that a ten-year-old boy can work it. It is exhibited at Raleigh."

The interesting part about this note is that North Carolina had several "volley guns," as they are called in the records, but their identity is uncertain. One of these "volley guns" was captured by the Federals at Fort Fisher, but this, apparently, was an imported one, because Gen. R. C. Gatling wired to General Whiting at Wilmington, April 19, 1864: "Do not allow the volley gun brought out by the Edith to be used before you receive the instructions for using it." The Edith was a noted blockade runner. The gun is described as "No. 4, Eighty-Five Volley Gun." This gun, or a similar one, was exhibited at the Charleston Exposition of 1902.

In the winter of 1863-64, the legislature of South Carolina presented a "revolving cannon" to Wade Hampton's cavalry,

but the records do not describe it with sufficient accuracy to identify it.

In the same category with repeating cannon belongs the double-barreled cannon of Athens, Ga., which is still preserved and which is believed to be the only one in the world.

In the days of the Revolutionary War, chain shot was frequently used on warships. Two balls, connected by a chain, were fired from a cannon. In their flight the balls spread the length of the chain and did considerable damage to masts and spars, or any mass of human beings in their path.

Dr. John Gilleland, a dentist of Jackson County, Ga., conceived the idea of firing chain shot from a double-barreled cannon. The gun was cast the first year of the war at the Athens Foundry and Machinery Works. It is about four feet long and three-inch bore. There are three touchholes, one for firing each barrel separately, and one in the middle for firing both barrels. When tested it was not a success. The impossibility of discharging both barrels simultaneously made the missiles erratic and uncertain. However, the gun was used in opposing Sherman's march, but ordinary shot and shell were fired from it. Fortunately, the gun was saved and stands in the public park at Athens.

It is a fact not generally known that Gen. Robert E. Lee was the first to suggest and use railway artillery, which was used so extensively and effectively in the World War. Writing to General Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, in June, 1862, General Lee said:

"Is there a possibility of constructing an iron-plated battery, mounting a heavy gun, the whole covered with iron, to move along the York River Railroad? Please see what can be done. See the Navy Department officers. If a proper one can be got up at once, it will be of immense advantage to us."

He wrote a similar note to the Navy Department. Writing to Secretary Mallory, June 21, 1862, he said: "I have been informed by Colonel Gorgas that the railroad battery will be ready for service to-morrow."

The battery was designed by Commander John M. Brooke, who designed the Confederate ironclad ram Virginia (Merrimac), and who banded the Confederate rifle guns. The battery mounted a thirty-two pounder on a strong wooden car, protected by an iron-plated shield, with portholes for the gun. Confederate and Union officers in their official reports comment on the effectiveness of this first railroad battery.

It is also a matter of record that Capt. Beverly Kennon, Confederate States Navy, invented the first disappearing gun.

The Confederate War Department, by official order, prescribed that the names of Confederate heroes should be engraved on captured cannon.

The *Mobile Advertiser* of March 3, 1863, says that at the grand review of the Confederate army at Mobile, four cannon captured from the Federals at Murfreesboro were presented to the city by General Withers on behalf of the Alabamians and Tennesseans who captured them. Each cannon was inscribed with the names of the Alabamians who fell in the battle.

General Bragg instructed General Maney to have the names of four of his bravest Tennessee soldiers, killed in the battle of Perryville, inscribed on guns captured in that fight. General Maney replied that he and other Tennesseans appreciated the honor, but that the 41st Georgia Regiment also took part in the capture of the guns, and suggested that Georgians be included in the list of names thus honored. He mentioned especially the name of Col. Charles McDaniel, of the 41st Georgia.

It was a common practice in the War between the States to have nicknames for cannon. The Federals had the "Swamp



Angel," with which they bombarded the city of Charleston. The Confederates had "Whistling Dick," with which they took pot shots at the Union boats off Vicksburg. Then there was "Old Sacramento." This was a cannon captured from the Mexicans, by Missouri troops at the battle of Sacramento. It was presented to the State of Missouri. When the war started in 1861, it was taken possession of by Bledsoe's Battery. This cannon had a lot of silver in its composition which gave it a peculiar ring when it was fired. It is said the bark of "Old Sacramento" could be distinguished among those of a hundred other guns. Early in the war, however, "Old Sacramento" began to show signs of wear, and it was sent to Memphis to be melted down.

At Island No. 10 the Confederates had two guns which they named the Lady Davis and Lady Polk. And in the naval records of the war recently published by the government there is an interesting note. It is an order of Commodore Davis, of the Union fleet, directing that a vessel be sent to Island No. 10 to procure fragments of the Lady Polk and Lady Davis, to be delivered to Sister Angela, of the Order of the Holy Cross, to be cast in statues for the hospital.

## KELLY'S DEFENSE OF GORDON.

BY T. D. TINSLEY, MACON, GA.

When Sherman's army marched through Georgia and was nearing Milledgeville, Governor Brown, our war governor, fearing they would open wide the gates of the State Penitentiary and let the convicts loose upon the good people of Milledgeville, made a virtue of necessity and offered every convict a pardon upon the condition that he would take up arms in defense of our State. As I remember, they numbered some three hundred and fifty men, and these, with the companies of cadets formerly in the military school at Marietta, but brought to Milledgeville some months before this time, were formed into a battalion of six companies and placed under the direct command of Major Capers, the commandant of the cadets. Gen. Henry C. Wayne was at that time Adjutant General of the State and took general charge of the troops, moving them by train to Gordon, where they were encamped.

At the time I had been discharged from the Confederate army and was then a clerk in the Treasury Department. I was thrown almost daily in contact with the Adjutant General and, before leaving, he asked me to serve as aid on his staff.

On reaching Gordon in the afternoon, General Wayne made his headquarters at the Old Solomon Hotel. The morning following our arrival, while General Wayne, Major Capers, and I were sitting on the porch of the tavern, a man on horseback dashed up. From the pommel of his saddle on one side was swinging his Winchester, while on the other was a pair of crutches. He had but one leg, having left the other on a battle field in Virginia. Giving his name as Kelly, he offered his services as a vidette. General Wayne thanked him very courteously and accepted his services. Kelly saluted again, touched his mare with his spur and, bending in his saddle, galloped rapidly off in the direction of Griswoldville.

About noon of the same day he returned and reported the enemy leaving Griswoldville, headed for Milledgeville via Gordon. He left a second time, and soon thereafter General Wayne requested me to notify the conductor we were to leave for Oconee Station as soon as his engineer could get up steam, also to instruct Major Capers to form his battalion at once and have them board the train.

This was done, and when the conductor was ready to move his train, General Wayne remarked to me: "Well,

Adjutant, we had as well get aboard also. Let's take the rear coach." He had hardly taken his seat when Kelly galloped up to report the Yankee army in sight, buz, seeing the battalion embarked, said: "General, what does this mean?" Don't we make a stand?" General Wayne, from his window, said: "No, Mr. Kelly, it would be ridiculous to attempt to check Sherman's army of one hundred thousand or more men with a force of seven hundred. We go to Oconee, where I may make a stand at the long bridge which spans the Oconee." Then it was that Mr. Kelly turned loose his wrath, cursing General Wayne for a white-livered cur with not a drop of red blood in his veins. His vocabulary of profanity was equaled only by his reckless bravery. Finally he said: "Well, you damned band of tuck-tails, if you have no manhood left in you, I will defend the women and children of Gordon."

He unlimbered his old Winchester, rose in his stirrups and began firing at Sherman's army, then plainly in sight. I was on the rear platform as the train moved slowly out, and we left him still holding the fort, "all alone in his glory."

I have read an account of this incident, entitled "Kelly's Defense of Gordon," wherein it was stated a Mr. John Bragg was with Kelly at the time and backed him up. Perhaps he joined him after our train left, for no man was with him up to our leaving; his cursing and fighting was done single-handed.

Some thirty years after the close of the war, I was at my desk when a thin, bronze-faced man, with iron-gray hair, entered. He was on crutches. His face was familiar, and when, on asking his name, he replied, "Kelly, from Wilkinson," I knew this must be my Gordon hero.

"Did you not live in Wilkinson County during the war?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember when Sherman's army came through Gordon and you fired on them from your saddle seat?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember cursing General Wayne for a cowardly white-livered cur, with no red blood in his veins, for not making a stand to defend the women and children of the village?"

"I do not remember all I said, but I remember calling him a cowardly tuck-tail dog for running away. I thought so then and I think so yet!"

Sixty-two years after the incident narrated above, I was privileged to read an excellent poem written by Col. Victor Davidson, of Irwinton, entitled "Kelly's Defense of Gordon," describing the same event I had witnessed and agreeing with me as I remember it with a single exception, that he divided the honors with a Mr. John Bragg.

I referred to this article in my statement above. As I said then, I did not see any one there but Mr. Kelly, so I wrote Colonel Davidson, and from his courteous reply I learned that Kelly was still living a few miles from Gordon. I was delighted to learn that he had not yet crossed the river, and as I was extremely anxious to learn the sequel of the event, as to how he made his escape, I asked for an interview, and this is what he told me:

"I learned of the approach of Sherman's army on its way to Milledgeville the day before General Wayne and his battalion reached Gordon, and concluded that day I would ride toward Griswoldville and see what was going on. On the way I met a negro girl, who was crying and told me that two Yankee soldiers were at Dr. Tom Gibson's house and were threatening Mrs. Gibson, and she feared harm, as Dr. Gibson was away.

"Just then John Bragg rode up, and I told him what the

girl had said and asked him to go with me to Gibson's house, as I thought Mrs. Gibson needed help. He said he would go part of the way, but did not want to get in any trouble. When we came in sight of the Gibson house, he left me, and I saw no more of him. He was not with me when I tendered my services to General Wayne or when Sherman's army reached Gordon.

"I rode up to the front of the house, where I found two cavalry horses hitched, and on the grass near them the sabers and accouterments of the two soldiers who were in the house. Hearing my approach, one of the soldiers came to the front door and on seeing me called to his companion inside, who joined him, and they ran to where their horses were tied. Being mounted, I beat them to it; then they opened fire on me with their side arms. I did not want to ride away, feeling sure they would return to the house, so I used my gun also. One of the men fell and the other one took to his heels.

"I dismounted and found the wounded man badly hurt, so I had a negro man on Dr. Gibson's place get one of the wagons in the lot, to which we hitched the two cavalry horses, put the wounded man in it, and drove to Gordon, where I thought he could have medical attention. On making further examination, we found him dangerously wounded, so I had him moved into a room in the tavern and placed comfortably in bed. However, he died soon thereafter.

"The following afternoon General Wayne and his battalion reached Gordon and the next morning I tendered my services as a vidette. When his troops left by train and I had emptied my carbine, a detachment of cavalry dashed up and captured me before I could get away. I was thrown in an army wagon, my crutches taken from me, and the wagon driven along with Sherman's army.

"When the army halted for the night, some sort of a drum-head court-martial was held and I was notified that I was found guilty of murder. A regimental band was brought out and marched around me many times playing the dead march, and I was told I was to be shot next morning at sunrise.

"Hearing in some way of my capture, General Sherman had me brought to his headquarters to learn what I knew of the topography of the country, what food for man and beast could be obtained on the route to Savannah, etc. At the close of the interview, General Sherman asked me if I knew I was to be shot the next morning, having been found guilty of murder. I answered I had been told so, but that I had acted in self-defense and the act was not murder. I said: 'General, anyway a man can die but once.' He looked at me keenly for several minutes, and then said to the guard: 'See that the sentence of the court-martial be carried out.' But he smiled quizzically as he said it, and somehow it heartened me a little.

"I was not shot the next morning, nor the morning thereafter, though the dead march was played for my benefit twice again, so I felt sure that the court-martial and the sentence was a farce. Anyway, I was sick of this dead march business; it got on my nerves, so that night I slipped out from the back of the wagon and crawled in the swamp and remained there two days. I then improvised a crutch and made my way back to my father's farm near Gordon, reaching there six days after my capture."

After giving me this account of his escape, Mr. Kelly stated he was eighty-three years old, that he had enlisted in Company B, Kamah Volunteers, and later transferred to the 14th Georgia Regiment, of which A. V. Brumley was colonel.

He lost his leg at Jericho Ford, Va., May 23, 1864, and was then assigned to duty with Belle Boyd, noted female Confederate spy. Of the ninety-nine men who enlisted at Gordon, July 9, 1861, he is the only one now living.

## THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

An interesting story is told in connection with this old picture of General Beauregard, sent to the VETERAN some

time ago by Lon A. Smith, of Austin, Tex., who was then Commander of the S. C. V. of that State. With it came an article by A. S. Colson, of Hamilton, Tex., who told of having found the picture in possession of an ex-Federal soldier there, who had "captured" it from the body of a Confederate soldier, killed at the battle of New Hope Church, Ga., in 1864. This Federal soldier, Amos Chambers by name, had served with Company A, of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, and he had been postmaster at Hamil-



GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

ton under the Harrison administration. A letter from Rev. J. R. Granton, of Mineral Springs, Ark., sent with the article, refers to "the picture of General Beauregard that my brother, J. J. Granton, had in his pocket when he was killed at New Hope the evening Hood fought there. . . . It was made at Charleston, S. C., directly after the fall of Fort Sumter. My brother belonged to the 1st Arkansas Regiment, while I belonged to the 28th Mississippi, and we were on the way to New Hope, but didn't get there until the battle was over. The next morning, when we went to bury the dead, I found my brother. . . . His pockets were turned out, and his pocketbook and the picture which he carried with his Confederate bills, was gone."

Comrade Colson served with the 25th Virginia Cavalry, W. E. Jones's Brigade, Lomax's Division, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, and surrendered with Companies B, E, G, and I, all of Lee County, Va., at Cumberland Gap, on April 25, 1865. He was born in Lee County seven miles east of Cumberland Gap, and lived there until 1884, when he went to Texas. He writes of a unique incident in connection with Hunter's raid in the vicinity of Lexington, Va., during which he burned Governor Letcher's home and the Virginia Military Institute. He says: "Hunter's soldiers, while in Lexington, came upon Stonewall Jackson's grave, over which a Confederate flag was floating. They tore the flag into strips and cut the flagstaff into small bits, which they distributed among themselves as souvenirs. As there was not sufficient for all to carry away a bit, some of the Yankee soldiers took dirt from Jackson's grave and placed it in their purses. Many of these soldiers who were captured by Stuart's Cavalry had the dirt in their purses."

Men die, but principles can know no death—  
No last extinguishment of mortal breath.  
We fought for what our fathers held in trust;  
It did not fall forever in the dust.

—James Ryder Randall.

## JOHN YATES BEALL: AN APPRECIATION.

BY VIRGINIA LUCAS, CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.

(Continued from August number)

Taking up the mooted question of a hypothetical friendship, or acquaintance, between John Yates Beall and John Wilkes Booth, which furnished the motive for Booth's assassination of Lincoln, I have a series of letters to my father, the late Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas, bearing on the subject. To publish them would I think throw some light on the evanescent and chimerical character of this tradition. The gist of the whole matter seems to be that the story above suggested is based upon hearsay evidence, and negated by several people who were personally informed as to the life and death of J. Y. Beall, hero and martyr to the Southern cause.

Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, writing from Buffalo, N. Y., January 16, 1905, says to my father:

"Dear Sir: I have collected considerable material for an account of the Johnson Island conspiracy, to be published in the *Buffalo Historical Society*. I have visited the Island, communicated with two gentlemen who were confined thereon (one was Maj. Robert Stiles), and have talked with the officer who arrested Cole," etc.

He considers Cole to have been a "romancer," and credits him with originating the Booth-Beall story, at least, he says: "I suspect it was Cole who invented the Booth story, for I vaguely remember something like it in a yarn full of lies which Cole fed to a man named Burr, who printed it in the *Philadelphia Press* of January 29, 1882. In that story, Jacob Thompson was represented as having visited the Michigan in petticoats."

Mr. Shepard's essay on Johnson Island was printed in part by *Abbott's Magazine of History* and later by the *Buffalo Historical Society*, 1905.

He also states that there is (or was) an auctioneer in Philadelphia named Stanislaus Henkle, who professed to have documentary proof that "Booth killed Lincoln because he thought Lincoln had deceived him in regard to saving Beall, who was his (Booth's) friend." "I do not take any stock in the story," continues Mr. Shepard: "but you might know whether there was any ground whatever for the yarn."

So much for our historian from Buffalo. Then, my friend, Mr. Isaac Markens, of Newark, N. J., on January 24, 1903, wrote Hon. Robert Barton, of Winchester, who promptly mailed the letter to my father, thus opening a correspondence between Mr. Markens and Judge Lucas which lasted for some time. This inquiry runs as follows:

"Col. Robert Barton.

"Dear Sir: Judge Welford, of Richmond, refers me to you for . . . all possible facts as to birthplace, ancestry, and career of John Y. Beall, who was executed in February, 1865, as a spy. . . . Information to be used in a newspaper article. I desire an estimate of Beall, his characteristics, occupation prior to the war, education, when and where he joined the army, etc. . . . Was there any friendship or acquaintance between him and John Wilkes Booth, as some writers assert? I have never been able to verify the story." Mr. Markens acquired a copy from my father of the "Memoir" of Beall, and is still interested in the study of his career.

The next query was from a Southern lady, of whom Col. Bennett H. Young wrote as follows:

"LOUISVILLE, KY., October 2, 1906.

"To Hon. D. B. Lucas, Charles Town, W. Va.

"Dear Sir: You know more about John Yates Beall than any other living man. I have a friend in Memphis, Tenn., Mrs.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, who is anxious to get some data. She is one of the most charming writers of the South. . . . Hoping you will help my friend, and with assurance of my regard, I am

"Yours truly,

BENNETT H. YOUNG."

Judge Ritchie's memorial and the Canadian memoir were sent to this lady, and I have her delightful letter, from which I may quote a few lines:

"MEMPHIS, TENN., June 30, 1906.

"My Dear Judge Lucas: I have learned from several of my friends that you have written a memorial of your classmate, Capt. J. Y. Beall, which will probably throw much light upon a subject in which I am interested. . . . In treating of prison life and the great Northwestern Conspiracy, the opportunity offers to clear the memory of Beall and soften the position of Wilkes Booth. I have the data of Capt. C. M. Cole, under whose direction Captain Beall acted. Suffice it to say, my mother was summoned twice to Buffalo to testify in his behalf. . . . I am anxious to get your book. I have waded through a hundred books, but the trouble is, the matter I most desire was dismissed with a line. May I ask you also if Booth was a classmate at the university with you and Beall? If not, when did the friendship between the two begin? Is there any positive data going to show that President Lincoln had promised Booth leniency for Beall, and that it was tampered with by Thad Stevens or Seward? Thanking you in advance, and offering the apology of one eager to set her own people aright in the light of history, I am with great respect, sincerely yours,

V. F. BOYLE."

(Where, indeed, did this friendship begin, or was there any such friendship?)

Continuing our Booth-Beall credentials, I have a clipping from the *Philadelphia Times*, May 8, 1899 (anon.), discrediting the "fiction" traced to a Dr. George Anderson Foote, late physician of Warrenton, N. C., and surgeon in the Confederate States navy, imprisoned at Fort Columbus, N. Y. His son printed his recital in the *Wake Forest Student*. Of this Dr. Foote, Judge Ritchie, father of the present distinguished Governor of Maryland, writes my father:

"BALTIMORE, MD., May 9, 1899.

"To D. B. Lucas.

"My Dear Judge: The inclosed is from the *Sun*. I have seen this Booth business referred to two or three times before. Is there anything in it? The *Sun* asked me about it. I never heard of Booth's intimacy with John, nor do I remember John's speaking of him.

"Who is Dr. Foote? If he had an adjoining cell, I knew nothing of it, nor did John speak of it. There are at least two conspicuous errors in his alleged statement.

"Please tell me Annie's married name and her address, and who are still left at the old Beall home?

"Very truly yours,

ALBERT RITCHIE."

Judge Ritchie, it will be remembered, was with John Yates Beall to the last, at Fort Lafayette, and, with Mr. James McClure, received his dying statement, will, etc.

Miss Louisa Manly, author of *Southern Literature* and other textbooks, writes for Miss V. E. Lewis, of Florida, "who wants all the information I have, and also to know where she could obtain more, re Capt. J. Y. Beall's life by Judge Daniel B. Lucas, of Charleston, S. C. (sic).

From a diary kept by Susan Bradford, who became Mrs.



Nicholas Ware Eppes, I take a few notes. This has just been published, as "Through Some Eventful Years." On June 3, 1863 (should be 1862?) the young diarist says; "Dr. English came to-day and with him Capt. J. Y. B., the soldier he had written about. Captain Beall is young and very good looking. He has the front room upstairs, where he can be cool, and we have our orders to make no noise. Father dressed his wound and left him to sleep awhile." Later (August 20, 1863); "Captain Beall has improved amazingly. He can now speak in a natural voice, and is allowed to converse if he feels like it. At first his voice was so weak and it hurt him to speak, so he made signs for his wants." Good Dr. Bradford nursed him, and they declared a winter in Florida might make him "as sound as ever." This he had, through the kindness of General and Mrs. Williams; and not only did he recover, but he met there the young Miss Martha O'Bryan, who became his fiancée. To her he wrote faithfully throughout the succeeding years, and died blessing her name and bequeathing to her—as to his mother and sisters—a locket with his likeness and a lock of his hair. I have often wondered that none of his Southern friends wrote any record of Beall, his charming personality, and heroic career. The reason so little was written here, is given in a letter of I. C. Haas, Tacoma Park, D. C., November 21, 1905, in which he says:

"Judge D. B. Lucas.

"Dear Sir: Through a kindness of Senator John W. Daniel, I have had published in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, a sketch of John Y. Beall. Senator Daniel's preface to this article is a deserved tribute to the immortal hero.

"I have written under the name of I. H. Crawford, my middle name, for the reason that the surviving relatives of Captain Beall protested against the revival of John's execution," etc.

A very singularly reserved and high-minded clan, they were sensitive. And I esteem myself fortunate to have received a personal letter about John Yates Beall from Mrs. Betty Henderson (his sister). She denied the existence of friendship or close acquaintance between Booth and Beall, and she surely should have known.

To return to Mrs. Eppes and her delightful book, I am aware that she relates the Booth story and believes it to be true. I must, however, assume that she depends on the merest hearsay, for she gives no authority, and we have contradiction from people who knew.

In *The Civil Engineer*, April 9, 1892, is found the following screed concerning Booth's Cruise and the trials of Surratts et al.

"The writer (Gath, George Alfred Townshend) published the first developments concerning the 'Plot,' and his letters, descriptive of Mr. Lincoln's funeral and the various arrests of the suspected parties were put in a pamphlet, and while the subordinate conspirators were being tried this pamphlet was ordered read by the court-martial. A few years afterwards the writer of this paper made numerous visits to the region, southeast of Washington, where the plot was devised, and he finally unravelled and published in the *Century Magazine* certain facts (re Booth's flight into Virginia). . . . Less than a month before Mr. Lincoln was murdered, I spent an entire afternoon with John Wilkes Booth and am, therefore, describing no haphazard person when I couple his personality with his crime.

"Born three miles north of Belair, Md., Booth attended schools in the vicinity of Baltimore, . . . was surrounded from childhood by actors all ambitious for fame and display, . . . and he came upon the scene under the influence of his brother-

in-law, in Philadelphia, a manager. . . . When John Brown suddenly staged his eruption into Virginia, Booth, who had a passion for pugilism and athletics, joined the real military and went to Charles Town and there remained until Brown and his companions were hanged."

The initiated will know how much importance to attach to this; to him I have always attributed this sensational theory. But Gath was expert in a style of reportorial writing that has fortunately passed away and that they used his pamphlet in the court-martial of the Surratts is but another example of the type of evidence admitted in those notorious trials.

I have other letters. One from Mr. J. W. Allison, of Texas, who knew the Bealls and remembered the events of 1865; one from Mr. Henry Bedinger Baylor, of Atlanta, who "tried to trace the Booth connection, as a pet theory of his own."

I will quote Captain Grabill, editor of the *Shenandoah Herald*, Woodstock, Va., who says:

"For some time I have intended writing a history of a plot, an oath-bound conspiracy, to escape from Johnson's Island, which I believe was the indirect cause of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. . . . I read an article which said that Senator Hale, Washington McLean, and Wilkes Booth had visited Mr. Lincoln and had secured his promise to pardon John Y. B., and that Seward afterwards interfered and that the promise on that account was broken. I wrote to J. R. McLean for information upon the subject. He replied that it was true his father tried to save Beall, that he had visited Mr. Lincoln, but he did not know who was with him. . . . If it is true that you have information confirming this story, I would be more than pleased to know of the fact. . . .

"Very truly yours,  
J. R. GRABILL."  
(Formerly Captain Company E, Col. E. V. White's Cavalry Battalion.)

Also, the Rev. J. H. McNeilly, of Nashville, says, in his letter of inquiry to my father, that Booth was engaged to the daughter of a Republican Senator (Hale), through whose influence the promise was extorted from President Lincoln to grant Beall's pardon.

There is an absolute unanimity in these letters in ascribing to Judge Lucas certainty of knowledge and in themselves offering not one grain of accurate affirmative information on the subject of this controversy. It is all in the air. Smoke! the baseless fabric of a vision; and to all inquiries my father had this only to say . . . which he writes to Dr. McNeilly, and in quoting which, I conclude, voicing it as the opinion of one who "knew John Yates Beall better than any other man."

"Rev. J. H. McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn.

"My Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 25th inst., I would say that your sketch of Capt. J. Y. B. had already been sent me and read with interest, I think. In reply to your questions:

"1. The whole story about John Wilkes Booth and his connection with Beall is a fabrication without a particle of truth. By permission of Judge Albert Ritchie, of Baltimore, I sent you a copy of my letter to him on the same subject.

"2. In regard to Major Cole, he was released after the surrender, and visited Captain Beall's family and myself in the autumn of 1865. He, in conversing on the subject, said my account of the matter in the memoir was substantially correct.

"Please give my regards to Miss O'Bryan.

"Very truly yours,  
DANIEL B. LUCAS."

Rion Hall, September 28, 1899.

Truth is stranger than fiction; and that dwellers in the picturesque and remote Valley of the Shenandoah should have taken part in such singular adventures as with the Raven and the Swan, on the Chesapeake or the Island Queen, or Philo Parsons, on the Lakes, seems almost as strange to me as that Byrd, of Winchester, should be the world wonder of aviation, that John Brooke should have started submarine warfare, or Matthew Fontaine Maury cabled and charted the wide and trackless deep. . . . To say nothing of "Crazy" Runsey, who, upon the placid Potomac, at the tiny village of Shepherdstown, launched the first actual steamboat of the world.

### THE ASSAULT ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

BY C. C. HULET, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Standing on a hill a few miles north of Rocky Face Ridge, in North Georgia, a group of Confederate officers were viewing through field glasses the long lines of blue-clad soldiers rapidly approaching on every road from the north.

It was May 7, 1864, and Sherman's army had opened the campaign which resulted in the fall of Atlanta, that opened the way for his spectacular march through Georgia to the sea and sent Hood on his wild-goose chase into Tennessee to defeat and disaster. It was a beautiful May day; the sun shone brightly, gilding the hilltops and flashing from the polished bayonets of the marching troops.

"That is Schofield there on the Cleerland road, and Thomas is advancing from Tunnel Hill. Way over there to the west you can now catch a glimpse of the glitter of McPherson's bayonets, as his troops pass over the hill. There must be about one hundred thousand men altogether," remarked an officer, who seemed to be well informed as to the position and numbers of the Federals.

Scattering volleys of musketry and a few cannon shots, as the Union skirmishers came in contact with the Confederate outposts, announced the beginning of a conflict which raged for more than one hundred days throughout the hills and valleys of North Georgia, and in which thousands of brave men gave their lives for a cause they believed to be right.

Behind the impregnable barrier of Rocky Face Mountain, at Dalton, lay the gray veterans of Joe Johnston's army, 45,000 strong, confident of their ability to repel their opponents if they should attack them in their chosen position.

Sherman, finding Snake Creek Gap undefended, marched his army through it to attack Resaca, but Johnston, quick to detect the movement, threw his troops into the strong works before him, and held the position there until he found Sherman threatening his rear in the direction of Adairsville.

Thereafter, these two giants in war strategy opposed each other with the ability and skill of masters of the science of war.

Sherman, seeking a weak place in the lines of his adversary, and Johnston, ever alert to foil his efforts, compelled him to resort to flanking tactics or to attack fortified lines at great disadvantage, and usually with heavy casualties.

Sherman, bearing to the right to flank the strong position of Altoona, found Johnston entrenched at New Hope Church and Dallas barring his way.

There now ensued a series of fierce and bloody combats, attacks and counterattacks, skirmishing that often reached almost the dignity of a battle, the aggregate losses of both armies in killed and wounded in these affairs running into thousands. But in all these operations, Johnston was ever found ready for his foe in strong positions, well fortified.

By successive movements to the left, Sherman reached the railroad at Big Shanty early in June, the heights of Kenesaw

frowning grim and forbidding before him, an impassable barrier that for three weeks barred farther progress. The whole mountain was a vast fortress. Miles of entrenchments, with abatis and entanglements, artillery posted to rake all practicable approaches with shell and canister; the whole defended by as brave men as were ever mustered in any army.

There was incessant fighting as the Federal lines were drawn closer about the mountain, and on the 20th of June, the opposing forces were in such close proximity that there was scant room for the skirmishers to operate between the lines, and they could be relieved only after dark on many parts of the line.

Up to this time Sherman's policy had been to avoid assaulting entrenchments, preferring to flank his opponent out of strong positions, which his superiority of numbers enabled him to do. He now determined to try to break through, and ordered an assault on a part of the line where, if successful, it would produce the greatest results. The time fixed for the assault was 9 A.M., June 27. The troops selected for the assault were massed close up inside the Federal works about half an hour before the signal for the charge was given.

The ground between the lines was covered with undergrowth and with scattering forest trees. It descended about half way, then went up to the Confederate works, which were slightly higher than the Union works. The lines were less than musket range apart.

There was little firing by the sharpshooters, but now and then a bullet whizzed over the troops who were lying down awaiting the signal to charge. The sun shone bright and hot. The men were silent, the strained look on their faces showing the extreme tension they were under. On the signal, they sprang to their feet and went over the works in a mass, down the incline and up the slope to the abatis in front of the enemy's works, facing a veritable tornado of shot, shell, canister, and rifle balls. Here they stopped; they could go no farther. The abatis was an obstruction they could neither get through or climb over.

The only thing they could do was to lie down and try to dig themselves in, or fall back, which they declined to do. As they lay down, the underbrush and abatis hid them, and the configuration of the ground afforded a slight protection, and, although they had suffered frightful losses, they hung on and with bayonet, tin cup, and half canteen raised a slight barrier between themselves and the deadly fire of the Confederates, who, from elaborate entrenchments, continued to sweep their position with deadly missiles.

In the meantime, the dry leaves and debris on the ground between the lines caught fire from the shells and was burning fiercely, menacing the Federal wounded, who were lying helpless on the ground, exposed to the flames. Then occurred one of the most gallant acts that ever smoothed the grim visage of bloody war.

Col. William H. Martin, of the 3rd Arkansas Regiment, ordered his men to cease firing, and, with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, stepped upon the works and called to the Union troops: "Yanks, come and take care of your wounded. We'll not shoot." As the Union troops rushed into the burning woods to the rescue, the Confederates came out of their works to assist, and the spectacle was seen of Union and Confederate who, a few moments before, were eagerly seeking to destroy each other, fraternizing and with equal zeal carrying the Union wounded out of danger. When all the wounded were rescued, Colonel Martin ordered his men back into their works and notified the Yanks, "We are going to shoot now," giving them time to get under cover, when the firing was resumed. For a week the fighting continued; but no more assaults were ordered.

The battle of the 27th had demonstrated that the works around Kenesaw were impregnable when defended by an adequate force.

The Union losses were very heavy, with nothing gained to compensate for it. The Confederates lost comparatively few, being almost completely concealed behind their works, which were capped with a head log, under which they thrust their guns when firing. They appeared to have double ranks of men in their trenches, the rear rank loading for the front rank to fire. The guns could be seen as they were passed from rear to front, and the fire that came from that head log was terrific. Only for the abatis that in a measure hid them, and the slight depression in the ground that partially shielded them was it possible that any of the Federals escaped alive.

Governor Brown, in his admirable article on the battle, published in the *Atlanta Constitution* of June 27, 1927, says: "The assault failed because the attacking columns were too small in numbers, considering the character of the troops they knew they were to encounter."

In my opinion, no force, however numerous, could have broken Johnston's lines at the places assailed—with Johnston's army defending. The greater the number of assailants, the greater would have been the slaughter.

Sherman now resumed flanking tactics, and Johnston, finding his communications and the Chattahoochee bridge in danger, fell back to the river, taking a strong position which his opponent declined to attack. Kenesaw, abandoned by the brave troops who had so long and gallantly defended it, fell into the hands of the Union forces which had so valiantly, though vainly, assaulted it.

Its forests blasted by the sirocco of war; its slopes scarred by the entrenchments of the contending armies, it remains forever a fitting monument to the valor of the American soldier. The "Blue and the Gray" who shed their blood in its shadow, and on its slopes, gave the world an exhibition of valor and devotion to the principles they were contending for never excelled in the annals of war.

Sixty-two summers and winters have passed. The animosities and bitterness engendered by that great struggle are forgotten. The great majority of the men who composed the armies of William T. Sherman and of Joseph E. Johnston have passed to the "eternal camping ground." Of the few that still remain, a number met together on the anniversary of the great battle of June 27, 1864, for the purpose of welcoming the Commissioners appointed by Congress to make a survey and report on the feasibility of making Kenesaw Mountain a National Park, dedicated to the men of both armies who fought there.

#### WHEN COLUMBIA WAS BURNED.

[Some statements by Federal officers as compiled by John S. Stiles, of Brunswick, Ga., from the Official Records.]

General Sherman said: "I was the first to cross the pontoons and rode into the city. The day was clear, but a perfect tempest of wind was raging. Gen. Wade Hampton, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton should be moved into the streets and fired to prevent our making use of it. Bales were piled everywhere, the rope and bagging cut, and tufts of cotton were blown about by the wind, lodged in trees, and against houses, so as to resemble a snow storm. Before one single public building had been fired by order, the smoldering fires kindled by Hampton's orders were rekindled by the wind and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city.

The whole of Wood's Division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames until nearly daylight, when they were gotten under control. I was up nearly all night and saw the soldiers laboring to save houses and protect families thus suddenly deprived of shelter, and even of bedding and wearing apparel. I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. Our officers and men worked well to extinguish the flames, but others, including officers who had long been imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina."

Gen. O. M. Poe said: "The greater part of the city was burned during the night. Many reasons are given for this flagrant violation of General Sherman's orders, but as far as I could judge, it was principally due to the fact that the citizens gave liquor to the troops until they were completely drunk and beyond the control of their officers. The burning cotton, fired by retreating rebels, and the presence of large numbers of escaped prisoners, excited the intoxicated soldiers to the first acts of violence, after which they could not be restrained. I don't know that I am called upon to give an opinion respecting the matter, but I volunteer the above. One thing is certain; the burning houses, lighting up the faces of shrieking women, terrified children, and frantic, raving, drunken men formed a scene which no man of the slightest sensibility wants to witness a second time."

General Howard said: "As we entered the city, the negroes and many white people greeted the general with loud cheers. In the main street was a large quantity of cotton partially consumed by fire, we remarking that the loose cotton was blown about in every direction. Guards were established and seemed to be attending to their duty very faithfully, and a few men under the influence of liquor had been placed under guard. I have been particular in narrating these preliminaries, because there followed one of the most terrific scenes that I have ever witnessed, and we are charged by the rebels with its inception. It was barely dark before a fire broke out in the vicinity of Main Street and spread rapidly. Strenuous efforts were made to arrest the flames, but some escaped prisoners, army followers, and drunken soldiers ran through house after house, and were doubtless guilty of all manner of villainies, and it is these men, I presume, that started new fires in other parts of the city. Old men, women, and children, were herded together in the streets and in a great many instances were protected by our soldiers from the insults and roughness of the careless. I believe the rebels who scattered the cotton over the city and set fire to it are responsible for the entire calamity."

General Logan said: "The scenes in Columbia that night were terrible. Some fiend first applied the torch, and the wild flames leaped from house to house and street to street until the lower and business part of the city were wrapped in flames. Frightened citizens rushed in every direction, and the reeling incendiaries dashed, torch in hand, in all directions."

Gen. C. N. Woods said: "During the evening a fire broke out in the western portion of the city, which, owing to the high wind, rapidly spread. At the same time the town was fired in several different places by the villains that had that day been improperly freed from the town prison."

Gen. W. B. Woods said: "On entering the city I found it in flames. I am satisfied by statements made to me by respectable citizens of the town that the fire was first set by the negro inhabitants."

(Continued on page 358.)



## UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES AS SOLDIER AND PRISONER.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

It was the third and last day of the second battle of Manassas. Pope's effort had been to crush Jackson's left, turn it, and drive him off the field. Having signally failed twice, Porter's fresh corps was now brought up and that afternoon made the most determined onslaught of the battle. Indeed, Porter did then as heavy, hard, steady fighting as ever was done at any time by any Federal force.

Our brigade was on the extreme left of Jackson's line, and that day was in reserve. In our immediate front and extending to the left was an old field, then came the forest, thick woods, where half a mile distant the battle was raging. Porter resolutely pressed back the weak Confederate line; every foot was contested, but back it came, until at length the enemy's bullets began to fall thick and fast where we were. Our men lay down, each intent on what was going on at the front and awaiting with impatience the order to move in. The tide of battle kept rolling back toward us. Apparently our men would soon be driven out of the woods into the open. Were that to happen, the chances were that the Federals would succeed, our position would be lost. The contemplation of that probability gave me great pain. After that long and terrific struggle—three days—with such loss of life, such suffering, and at last to be driven off! My heart was in my boots. Just then some men in single file came up from the narrow valley, or ravine, in our rear and passed our left, kept on across the field, and still they came—fifty—a hundred—and there was the battle flag! Longstreet was up! Good heavens! what a revulsion! The ecstasy of that moment cannot be described. The exaltation was supreme.

Quickly Longstreet's men took position at the edge of the forest, and soon the order came for us to go in. With what alacrity it was obeyed! Onward, into the forest, through it to the open field beyond. The woods were cleared. There we halted, and then our whole line was withdrawn. We fell back to the railroad cut, and again we waited orders. Finally the forward movement was renewed. On emerging into the open field, our brigade, with other troops, made a wheel to the left, enveloped, and captured a dozen or more pieces of artillery. We were now in another piece of woodland that jutted out into the open field. Twice we moved forward only to be driven back. The third time we reached the edge of the wood, and for a moment halted. Several heavy bodies of Federal troops were in the field, on our right, in front, and to our left. Quickly the determination was reached where we should strike. It was at a mass toward our left, to remove the danger of flanking. But in that moment an incident occurred which, as a truthful historian, I must narrate. Something struck me on my chest, and again, and again, but I felt no pain. I thought of the old fable of the swordmaker who passed his sharp sword so quickly through the body of the armorer as to give no pain, but when the armorer shook himself he fell to pieces. I shook myself, and finding no evidence of bullet wound, discovered that I was being struck by bumblebees. "Bumblebees!" I cried, and incontinently ran. But not to the rear along the line. The line simultaneously advanced, and I with it. In my flight I had lost my hat. We routed several bodies of Federal troops, and then after nightfall some private approached me, saying: "Captain, here's your hat. I picked it up for you."

It was about half past nine when we drove off the last of the enemy we saw. We were then near a house where the Federals had established a hospital, not far from Bull Run.

An hour later I was directed to return to the old head-

quarters, report our position, get orders, and bring up our belongings. In returning, I took careful note of the headlands, and eventually arrived at my destination. At twelve o'clock I took a cup of coffee with Gen. A. P. Hill, had my instructions, and started forward with two couriers, a negro cook, and a led horse laden with headquarters baggage.

That night Longstreet's Division had pressed all along our old front, and on my route I ran into some of these troops. After some parley, they told me that they had occupied that ground the year before and knew the lay of the land perfectly; that a road they showed me would go to the house I was making for. It led to their front. I followed it about a hundred yards where it crossed a little run and a young pine thicket, and then rose a hill. On reaching the crest, I saw half a dozen or more camp fires in advance, and knew that it was no place for me. Turning at once, I led the way back. My duties had begun early that morning, and I was greatly fatigued. So, as I had just passed over that road, I threw the reins over my horse's neck and took some relaxation. When we had reached the little clump of pines, hardly seventy-five yards from Longstreet's force, some twenty men sprang from each side of the road and seized our bridles, saying: "Hush, not a word." It was most cleverly done. They turned our horses and led us back. The captain in command told me that he had heard us conversing with Longstreet's men and supposed that we were a general and staff reconnoitering, and he had allowed us to pass, knowing that we would be taken if we proceeded, and if not, on our return he would capture us, as he had done.

This picket guard soon rejoined their company in their rear, but the captain was indignant at finding that the brigade to which he was attached had been withdrawn without any information to him. It was a cavalry company, and he made his way to a little church, I think, on the turnpike, where we fell in with the bulk of Pope's army, then in full retreat. The pike was densely packed, and our progress was greatly impeded. Immediately behind us was a German brigade, and I was told they could not speak English, and the native troops were profane and profane in cursing them. I imagined that the Dutchmen gave them as good as they sent. Before morning we arrived at Centerville and I was taken to the headquarters of General Birney, who occupied a log building with several rooms. There was a tent near the door, and being assigned to that, I was soon asleep. The sun was high when I awoke the next morning. I was called into the house, where General Birney approached me. He was a dashing-looking officer, blonde, long, light hair. All I recall of our conversation was to this effect: "I am going to hang half a dozen of you fellows." "What for, General?" "For wearing our uniforms to deceive us and carrying our flag to entrap us." I expressed some surprise at that, saying that doubtless some of our men might have worn some of their clothing, if they needed it, and that some of our flags were company flags presented by ladies and were of irregular design, but that I did not believe there was any attempt at deception such as he meant. On this General Birney became rather warm, and I inquired what were the particulars. He said the incident happened only two or three days earlier in that vicinity, when some Confederate cavalry by such ruses led some of his command into a perilous position and got the better of them.

I then adverted to the fact that President Davis had declared his purpose to conduct the war on the highest plane of civilized warfare, and if there had been any departure from that, he would punish it. And then I asked if he had made any report of the circumstances so that the matter might be brought to the attention of President Davis.

To this he replied "no," he had not done so. "And why not? You know President Davis will enforce obedience to his orders, and if there has been anything worthy of punishment in this matter, he will punish it."

General Birney seemed somewhat embarrassed, and replied: "Well, the truth is, the Confederate officer in command is a kinsman of mine, and I did not wish to report it."

Indignant at his threat "to hang half a dozen or so of you men," and still more indignant at this disclosure, I said: "And do you tell me, sir, that you would wreak your vengeance on half a dozen men innocent of this transaction, and hang them, when unwilling to have the guilty officer punished because he is a kinsman of yours?"

The General turned very red, and, without answering, moved away. There were perhaps a dozen persons in the room, among them some old men from Maine who had come down to look after the wounded soldiers. One of these men asked the General if he might ask me some questions, and General Birney said: "Yes, so that they are not improper questions." I interrupted with: "Why, General, I shall not answer any improper questions." The conversation with the Maine man and others was pleasant enough.

Later in the day, I was told that I was to be conducted to General Pope's headquarters. Our way led from one end of the bivouac to the other. There were huddled together *en masse* perhaps 40,000 men, so thick that one with difficulty avoided touching them. For the most part they were sitting or lying down. On my way I heard two or three men, at some little distance, say, *sotto voce*, "Secesh," but I was addressed by only one man. He was directly in my path, and rose when I approached: "You are a Confederate," he said. "Yes." "From what State?" "North Carolina." "Do you know anything of Wilmington?" "Yes." "Do you happen to know a man there, Johnson, a locomotive engineer, an old man?" The form of old Johnson, of medium size, somewhat bent with age, and gray beard, came at once to my recollection. "Yes, I know Johnson. It has not been very long since I saw him, two months. He was well, at his work." "He is my father. We are from Massachusetts. He moved to Wilmington some years ago. My brother and I used to go there and work in the winter and return and work in Massachusetts in the summer. Fall before last, affairs were so excited at the South that we thought it best not to go. We remained at home and worked. Then the war fever took the country. Everybody enlisted. We could not stay at home, but fell in with the others. But had we been at the South, we would doubtless have enlisted on your side."

That struck me as a very remarkable declaration for a Federal soldier to make there in the middle of Pope's army. It also occurred to me afterwards as a remarkable circumstance, that he was the only man in Pope's army who addressed me, and that probably I was the only man in Jackson's army who could have given him any information about his father. Altogether, it was an odd affair.

Pope's headquarters were in a two-story house that seemed to have been long deserted by its owners. There was much bustle going on when we approached. The General himself was giving directions to his adjutant general, who was writing them out. For a moment the proceedings stopped, and General Pope made me acquainted with several members of his staff and with two German princes who were there. He then resumed his dictating, while the princes and others engaged me in conversation, the former being apparently much interested. It was probably their first interview with a Confederate. Their horses were in readiness, and General Pope, turning to me, said: "I will have to ask you to accept parole

to report at Washington." To this I objected, saying that I could not accept parole. The General seemed embarrassed. "Why, sir, you must. You see my condition. I cannot spare an officer to go with you. I am even now, this moment, moving my headquarters, and I have no officer to send with you." He was evidently so worried that I overcame my scruples and assented, and he directed a parole to be written for me to report to General Halleck.

The princes and the others on his staff were extremely courteous, and the General said: "You had better stay to-night with General Franklin," and directed an officer to conduct me to Franklin's headquarters. And then, making his salutations to me, he mounted and with his retinue moved off.

General Franklin had but just come from the Peninsula, and his corps was fresh. He had only three tents, one for himself, one for his adjutant, and one for his quartermaster. I was conducted so the latter, who went with me to pay my respects to General Franklin. On entering his tent, the quartermaster asked me if I would not change my linen, and got out for me his clean underclothes and had a tub of warm water brought for a bath. That evening there was something of a levee at his tent—at least, twenty-odd officers called. I was gratified by the affectionate interest manifested for their former comrades. "Tel me about Brewer. Tell me about Dabney, about Pender, about Archer." Their interest seemed to be as great as if they were still officers in the same service.

"Where did you get your coat?" "Why, that is Crenshaw cloth, made at Richmond." "You astonish me. You don't mean they make such cloth at the South."

The next morning, accompanied by an orderly, I set out for Fairfax Station. Half a mile distant, I met Pope with his staff and guard coming from his new headquarters. They were approaching diagonally my road, and while all acknowledged my salute, the princes rode close up to me and took their hats off in salutation. Soon we reached the great road to the station where a long wagon train was wending its way. As we passed along it, I observed, driving a wagon, our negro cook, who had left us some ten days before. "Why, Jim, what are you doing here?" "Bless me, Captain, what you doing here?" "The Yankees got me, Jim." "Yes, sir, and bless me, they took me too." The rascal had run away.

It was an hour at the station before a train came. It was of box cars, with rough seats on top for those slightly wounded, while the more helpless cases were put in the box cars. As the cars stopped, I observed Lieutenant May, of the navy, on top of the one near me. He addressed me: "Casey, what are you doing here?" I answered: "May, what are you doing here?" "Why, I have come down to look after these poor fellows." When he again called me Casey, I corrected him, and when he learned that I was a prisoner, he at once busied himself to get me a good place on the train, on top. Arriving at Alexandria, I reported at the provost marshal's office, that worthy being then at church. He was rather a boastful subject, and told me how on one occasion in the Valley he could have shot Stonewall Jackson, but refrained, being unwilling to hurt "that extraordinary man." He said I could go to Washington by rail, by boat, or on horseback. I chose the latter, and was accompanied on my ride by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*. We rode along Pennsylvania Avenue quietly and found our way to General Halleck's headquarters, where Colonel Ruggles (?) took me to the back parlor, and we spent a couple of hours together. Mr. Lincoln and General Halleck were in the front parlor adjoining, with folding doors between, and remained there until after my de-

parture. I did not see either. They probably settled that Sunday evening that McClellan should again be given command. Colonel Ruggles asked me if I would not take parole, which I declined. He inquired why. I said first, I had no money, and if I had, I would not choose to submit to the insults that I would be subjected to at a hotel. But he said: "You have friends." "Yes, but they are either Southern sympathizers, or not. If they are, I would not desire to direct attention to them; if not, I would not care to have anything to do with them." So I would not be paroled. Toward nightfall he sent me with an orderly to the provost marshal, Todd. After a while Todd came in and said: "If it were not for this note, I would know what to do with him." I asked: "What would you do with me?" He said: "Send you to some of these damned secesh women round here?" "Are there any such women here?" "Bless me, the town's full of them." At my request he handed me the note: "Take Captain \_\_\_\_\_ and make him as comfortable as you can, but let his quarters be the most secure you have." He sent me to the Old Capitol Prison in a carriage. Reaching there long after night, early the next morning I was awakened by the keeper of the prison, Mr. Wood, with a valise full of clean clothes for me, and he asked if I were the son of a certain gentleman. I inquired why he asked that question. "O, some of these secesh women want to know." "Tell anybody who is curious about me that I lived, about 1853, on H Street, between Ninth and Tenth." Every morning after that something was sent to me—fruit, foreign papers, once a tremendous "potato pone," and I was supplied with money.

One day I was called into the office. There I found a distant kinswoman, one of the handsomest women in the world, I used to think, and a strange lady. The interview was in the presence of an officer, and no private conversation was allowed. My cousin threw her arms around my neck and pretended to be sobbing violently, but really was saying something about that "dear man, Stonewall Jackson," about General Winder, and other friends at the South between her sobs. She also mentioned "this other lady comes as my sister, Ida, and you must treat her as such." She and her sister, through the Roman Catholic archbishop, had gotten the pass, and as her sister could not come, this other lady accompanied her. Necessarily, I had to embrace her, and she had to sob, while I did the kissing. After the war, a gentleman met me one day and mentioning the incident, asked if I remembered kissing the lady. "O, yes." "Well, she was my sister." A good Confederate. Among other things sent me was a large map of London, which I studied until I learned no little about that city.

I had been in prison about a fortnight when Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation warning the seceding States that he would declare the negroes free in January, 1863, unless by that time the Confederates should lay down their arms. That night a large crowd of negroes collected and the President addressed them. He said, according to the newspapers, in effect this: "I have issued this proclamation not in your interests, but as a war measure. If the Southern States will come back, the status of the slaves will not be changed. If they are freed, I do not know that it will be to the advantage of your race. This is a white man's country. It is doubtful whether the two races can live here together in a condition of freedom. We may have to colonize you, to send you out of this country, to Central America, or somewhere." Indeed, about that time an attempt at colonization was made, and a number of negroes colonized to some island in the Caribbean Sea, but it failed, and later a government vessel was sent to bring them back. The keeper of the prison, Mr. Wood, was

a Baltimore man. He told me that if Lee should take Washington City, he would be willing to keep that prison for "Mars' Jeff," in fact, he wanted the job.

One day he told me that one of our men, who with others had been confined on the ground floor, had died. That when one had died sometime before, he had buried him in his own lot in the Congressional Cemetery. "And now," he said, "I want to put this poor fellow away there too," and he desired half a dozen of us to accompany him. He said that it was against regulations, but he knew we would not get him into trouble. So in the early afternoon several carriages came and a lot of us went with him to the Congressional Cemetery and buried the poor fellow. When that was done, Mr. Wood said: "Now, gentlemen, this is a lovely afternoon. You will enjoy a stroll here in the cemetery, and I am going to leave you here for a couple of hours. I know you will not get me into any trouble," and he left us to ramble about the cemetery until his return.

Eventually we were landed on the James River, about twenty miles from Richmond, on parole. It was a fatiguing journey for me. Finally, about night, we struck a narrow street along the river, as we straggled into the city. A couple of citizens crossed and got in front of me. I was seized with the impression that they were talking about me, or had something to communicate. Hastening alongside of them, I recognized a man with whom I had had some slight acquaintance early in the war, a Captain Foley. Recognizing him, he said: "How is the yellow fever?" "What yellow fever?" "Why the fever at Wilmington?" "Is there fever at Wilmington?" "Haven't you heard? Where have you been?" "I am this moment back from prison." "Then you haven't heard of the death of your father, that he was killed?"

Had I been pierced by a sword, I could not have been more greatly staggered.

I had told a number of my prison companions to come with me and I would get them a place to stay that night, at a boarding-house, half way between the two hotels, kept by a good Confederate woman. We found the house closed, no lights. But she came to the door, said she could not entertain us, that her lease was out. It was then Saturday night, her furniture was in part moved, and on Monday morning the balance, already packed, was to be taken away, and she had no provisions. I prevailed on her to let us untie her mattresses and sleep on the floor. Early Sunday morning when I awoke there were half a dozen North Carolinians standing over me, and I with a raging fever. They removed me to Mr. William Hill's in the suburbs. It was a fortnight before I was sufficiently convalescent to start home. At Weldon we missed connection. There were a thousand people there, a great crowd. It was impossible to secure a room, but I went to a room which I knew the railroad men occupied. There were several beds in it. Without a word to anyone, I slipped into one and went to sleep. In the morning when I awoke, who should be lying next to me but my brother, each of us ignorant of the presence of the other. He had been in Long-street's Corps, and, on the death of his father, the department had sent him leave to return home. Of me he knew nothing; of him, I had heard nothing. It was a sorrowful meeting, yet we were so happy to embrace.

---

To live for dixie! Harder part!

• • • • •

To keep life's broken threads again,  
To keep her memory pure from stain,  
This was to live for dixie! —Fannie Downing.



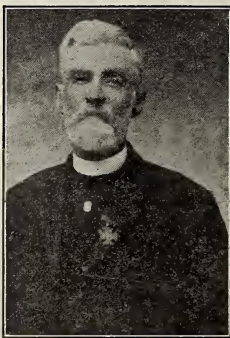


Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"The exile is at home,  
O nights and days of tears!  
O longings not to roam!  
O sins and doubts and fears!  
What matter now, O joyful day—  
The King has wiped his tears away!"

#### CHARLES DANIEL MALONE.

Charles Daniel Malone, of Louisburg, a veteran of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, well remembered by his comrades by the camp name of "Little C. D.," was born in Warren County, July 29, 1845. He was but a schoolboy at the beginning of the great war, a student at the Louisburg Academy, but he was anxious to enlist for the defense of his State. In consideration of his youth, however, he was held back through the influence of his father until he was seventeen years old, when he became enrolled as a private in Company E, of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry, then at Orange Courthouse, in Gen. Wade Hampton's Brigade, Stuart's Corps. The career of this famous regiment of troopers has been described in previous pages, and of Private Malone it may be truthfully said that he was identified with it from the time of his enlistment to the close of the war. Among the famous encounters in which he took part were those at Culpeter Courthouse, Brandy Station, Second Manassas, Jack's Shop, Hanover Junction, Reams's Station, Stony Creek, and numerous fights around Richmond. He remained steadfastly in the ranks, declining election to rank, but was frequently detailed for special service, scouting and the like, acted as courier for both Generals Hampton and Stuart, and was at times in command of his company. On one occasion he and the bugler of the regiment, on account of a misunderstanding of orders, were the only ones who followed the colonel in a charge. He was with Stuart when his command was entirely surrounded by the enemy, on the occasion when his colonel, Thomas Rufin, was killed, and was one of the forty men with General Hampton who kept the enemy out of Richmond at the time of the Kilpatrick and Dahlgren raid.



REV. CHARLES D. MALONE.

At Hatcher's Run he was wounded in the right hand, in the act of firing. After the war, he was engaged in mercantile enterprises and in teaching, and was successful in these, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community. He was married in 1869 to Miss Joyner, daughter of Dr. Noah Joyner, of Pitt County, who died in 1895, leaving seven children.

In the later years of life he was engaged in the missionary work of the Protestant Episcopal Church, afterwards becoming ordained to the sacred ministry of the Church, which he served well and faithfully as a soldier of the Cross till failing health compelled him to retire in 1917. Since then he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Winn, of Henderson, N. C., where he died on June 17, 1927.

This grand old man of the South will be missed; wherever he lived, people of every religious denomination loved him for his generous kindness, his loving attention in distress. His work in the ministry was mostly in the diocese of East Carolina, under Bishops Watson, Strange, and Darst, respectively. Bishop Darst writes that "Mr. Malone's life was an inspiration to those of us among the clergy who are left to mourn him." He was an enthusiastic Mason, having become one in his twenty-first year, a modest gentleman, an humble servant of the Master.

He was a loving and devoted husband, a devoted and generous father, a soldier of his Southland, and an ambassador of his God. He will not only be mourned by his devoted children, but by all those with whom he came in contact along life's journey. A gentleman of the Old South, an "unreconstructed rebel," he was brought up and educated in the town of Louisburg, N. C., where the first Confederate flag was designed and unfurled from the county courthouse in Franklin County, and was himself present on that occasion. His father was Dr. Ellis Malone, and his mother was Mary Ann Hill. He was buried beside his father and mother at Louisburg.

A younger brother, Dr. James E. Malone, was notable among the people of his county for his devotion to the sacred memories of the great struggle, and earned the gratitude of the Confederate survivors by the unstinted manner in which he gave time, talent, and resources to their cause. He was active in securing the fine monument at Louisburg to honor the Confederate dead.

#### G. H. McMILLIN.

Death came suddenly to Comrade G. H. McMillin, of Texola, Okla., in an automobile accident while on his way to Hot Springs, N. Mex., for his health. The accident occurred on July 10, near Tularosa, N. Mex., and his body was taken back to Texola and laid beside the beloved wife, who died in 1915. He was married to Miss Kathryn Barnett in 1887, and to them were born a son and two daughters, who survive him, with two grandsons.

G. H. McMillin was born December 15, 1844, near Chattanooga, Tenn., and at the age of sixteen he volunteered in Company I, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, and served to the end of the war in Wheeler's Brigade. In 1925, he was decorated with the Cross of Honor by the Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Sayre, Okla. He served as chairman for his town in the Stone Mountain Memorial Coin sale, which was a wonderful success. He was ever true to the principles for which he had fought in the sixties. He was a member of the Christian Church.

[Mrs. E. E. Wall, Historian Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C.]

## CAPT. I. E. ANDERSON.

Capt. I. E. Anderson, a pioneer citizen of Texas and of Mason County, died at the home of relatives in Anson County on July 22. His body was taken back to the old home at Katecmy and laid away in the cemetery near that place.

Captain Anderson was born in Denton County, Ark., September 25, 1841, and in 1845, when about four years of age, his parents went to Texas and established their home in Bexar County, near Selma, where he grew to manhood and continued to reside until the outbreak of the War between the States. Enlisting for the Confederacy, he was attached to the command of Gen. John H. Morgan, with which he honorably served throughout the war.

At the close of hostilities, Captain Anderson returned to the old home near Selma, Tex., where he married. In 1883, he took his family to Kerr County, going thence some ten years later to Mason County and establishing a home on Katecmy Creek near the town of Katecmy. After the death of his wife, the old home was sold, and Captain Anderson had since lived with his children in different places, though always claiming Katecmy as home. Shortly before his death, he had started on his annual visits and was with relatives at Anson when stricken with his fatal illness. He is survived by three sons and a daughter.

Early in life Captain Anderson joined the Presbyterian Church and was an officer and stanch member of that Church to the end. He was also a Mason from early manhood; and with solemn ceremony the San Saba Lodge tenderly laid their brother to rest beside his wife and the four children, who had preceded him in death, in the old Bethel Cemetery near Katecmy.

For years Captain Anderson had been affiliated with the Mountain Remnant Brigade of Confederate Veterans and always attended their reunions. He had lived long and wrought well.

## CAPT. WILLIAM A. SHUCK.

Fulton County, Ky., lost an honored citizen in the death of Capt. William A. Shuck, on August 7, 1926, after an illness of several weeks.

He was born in Shelby County, Ky., April 16, 1839, and there grew to manhood. In 1861, he entered the Buckner Guards as a private, and after service of one year, he was brevetted second lieutenant in the 8th Kentucky Cavalry. In 1862, he was promoted to a captaincy in General Morgan's command. He was captured with his chief on his famous raid through Ohio and was sent to prison at Camp Chase. From this prison, he and other commissioned officers were sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained a prisoner of war to the close of the war. He and other officers were released from prison June 12, 1865, and were given transportation to Cincinnati, Ohio, from which place they made their way home.

In 1868, his mother and stepfather having died, leaving eight children, the youngest but two years old, he assumed charge of the family, each of whom loved him as a parent, and kept them together until grown. In 1871, he was married to Miss Lida Kennedy, of Oxford, Miss., who died in less than a year thereafter; in 1876, he was married to Miss Bertha Alexander, who survives him with their three children, three sisters, and two brothers.

Captain Shuck served Fulton County four years as sheriff. His heart was young, and his jovial disposition won to him the affection of old and young. He was a member of the Christian Church. In his gray uniform he was laid to rest.

## JOSEPH S. ALFORD.

Joseph S. Alford, former Commander of Camp Tige Anderson, U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga., and a resident of that city since 1872, died at his home there after a lingering illness. His health had been remarkable until about a year ago, and he remained active in many affairs up to that time.

Comrade Alford served throughout the War between the States with Company E, of the 10th Georgia Infantry, McCraw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He was in all the battles of Longstreet's Virginia campaign. He was a native of Fayetteville, Ga., but moved to Jonesboro at an early age, and from that place left for the war. After its close, he returned to Jonesboro, but seven years later went to Atlanta, which had since been his home. For some thirteen years he was in the office of the Fulton County ordinary, later entering the service of the city, holding the position of city probation officer for many years, from which he was retired several years ago. His last years were devoted largely to work with his fellow Confederates, to whose interests he was ever devoted. He had been Commander of Camp Tige Anderson, and held membership there, but he had also helped to organize Camp Walker, of that city, of which he was a charter member. Comrades of Camp Tige Anderson were an honorary escort at his funeral, and every Confederate veteran of the city able to be present at the funeral thus showed their love and respect for the comrade who had given many years of service to their benefit. Many beautiful floral offerings came from the different patriotic organizations of the city and county, and made beautiful the mound under which he is resting in Westview Cemetery, beside the beloved wife.

He is survived by two daughters and three grandchildren.

## ROBERT C. PARTIN.

In Osceola County, Fla., on June 14, occurred the death of Robert C. Partin, beloved Confederate veteran and pioneer resident of the county, a man justly esteemed for integrity of his character and the mellow sweetness of his kindly nature.

Robert Partin was born in Tattall County, Ga., March 15, 1840, and just before the outbreak of the War between the States, the family removed to the St. Mary's River section in Florida. At the age of twenty-one, he voluntarily enlisted in the Confederate army and served the full four years as a member of Company C, 4th Florida Volunteers, his captain being the honored George Langford, of Bartow. After the war, Robert Partin returned to Florida, going with his parents to Orange County. In 1876 he was married to Miss Catherine Ballard, of Lake County, and in 1883 they removed to Osceola County and lived at the same place forty-four years.

Comrade Partin was loved by all who knew him. He was deeply interested in community affairs and was noted for his kindness and generosity and true hospitality. He had served as tax assessor in Orange and Osceola counties, and was known as a man without an enemy. The Bob Partin Camp, U. C. V., was named for him, also a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the memorial resolutions passed by the Essie Petrie Caldwell Chapter, U. D. C., of Kissimmee, Fla., paid tribute to one who was held as a friend and whose passing brought a deep sense of sorrow and loss.

[Mrs. O. Y. Knox, Registrar, U. D. C.]

## A TEXAS COMRADE.

W. P. Brown, Commander of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316 U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., reports the death of a member, Shelby Dye, at the great age of ninety-four years. He served with General Forrest in the 4th Mississippi Regiment and was in prison for seven months.

## RICHARD AUSTIN BULLOCK.

Richard Austin Bullock passed away on April 16, 1927, at his plantation home, "Montpelier," near Williamsboro, Vance County, N. C. He was born on September 20, 1841, and was the ninth child of John Bullock and Susan M. Cobb. His ancestors, originally of Tidewater Virginia, had been living, at the time of his birth, for a generation or so on the south side of the Virginia-North Carolina line, and, in the late Colonial, Revolutionary, and post-Revolutionary times, they were prominently associated with the affairs of the latter State. Richard A. Bullock was educated at Chapel Hill, graduating from the University of North Carolina in the class of 1860. His tastes were literary, and he was an excellent Greek scholar. Had the ante-bellum days continued, he would probably have made a name for himself among the brilliant quota of statesmen that the South gave to the nation. But the war came as a deathblow to the old régime.

Promptly answering the call to arms, Richard Bullock joined Company B, 12th North Carolina Infantry, in the spring of 1861. From that moment until Appomattox he was present with his company at most of the great battles fought by the heroic Army of Northern Virginia. He was in the seven days' battle around Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Early's desperate attempt to capture Washington, the agonizing efforts to hold the trenches at Petersburg, and, last of all, the sad retreat to Appomattox, where the banner he had served so faithfully for four long years was furled forever. During these years of bloody struggle, he recounted the events he had witnessed in a weekly letter to his mother. Unfortunately this correspondence was destroyed when, some twenty years later, he lost his home by fire. Had the letters been saved, they would have been an interesting record.

Mr. Bullock's exactness led to his being attached to the Commissary Department, where the shortage of food supplies made it necessary to have a reliable and painstaking man measure out the rations. From this position, he saw much of the heroic courage that distinguished the Confederate soldier, not only in the glory of battle, but also on the long, weary marches, amid the cold and hunger of winter quarters, and lastly, and most terrible of all, in the poorly-equipped hospitals. He never forgot the bitter cold that the soldiers endured in and around Fredericksburg, nor did he forget the horrors which he witnessed at an improvised hospital at Gettysburg. This hospital was located in a barn. The wounded were brought in and laid on straw until the barn was filled, and then they were placed on the bare ground of the barnyard. There they waited until overworked surgeons, who had neither anesthetics nor antiseptics, and were, moreover, short of bandages, were able to do what they could for their gaping wounds. In view of what modern surgery has taught us, one wonders how any of the Confederate wounded escaped tetanus. No one who listened to the simple and unvarnished accounts which Mr. Bullock gave of those agonizing hours could fail to realize what the Confederate soldier unflinchingly endured. Also, one appreciated something of the indomitable spirit of these same soldiers when one heard Mr. Bullock tell of Early's gallant attempt to surprise Washington, July, 1864, when, under a torrid sun, with men and horses falling by the wayside from heat prostrations, the heroic little army still pressed on.

During those times of trial, Mr. Bullock did what he could to help the sick and wounded, for it was his nature to help the helpless. This recalls a rather unusual incident which brings out also his high sense of honor. The Army of Northern Virginia was passing through Frederick City, Md., just before

the battle of Sharpsburg. There was a sick soldier in Company B, 12th North Carolina Infantry, for whom the doctor had prescribed wine. Mr. Bullock got from a merchant the required quantity, but when he offered Confederate money, all that he had, the merchant refused to take it, saying: "I don't want that paper. Just wait until you come back by here. Maybe you'll have some gold or silver, and you can pay me then." But the Confederate army did not march back by Frederick. Instead, it recrossed the Potomac after Sharpsburg. In the Gettysburg campaign, Mr. Bullock hoped to pass through Frederick, so as to be able to pay the merchant, but his line of march did not lie that way. At the time of Early's attack on Washington, he was again disappointed in not getting to Frederick. After the war, he would have sent the money to the merchant by mail, but he had lost the address. It was not until 1916 that he again visited Frederick; and then, though several hours were lost in the search, and every street was explored, and every one he encountered was questioned, he was unable to locate the store or find a trace of the merchant. At last an old inhabitant was found who said he remembered the store, but it had been closed for years, and the storekeeper had moved away—gone he did not know where. The townspeople who heard the story of an old Confederate soldier trying to pay a debt that had been incurred during the war were greatly amused. Mr. Bullock's feelings, however, were those of bitter disappointment that the old debt could not be settled, for, as he said: "I promised to pay him the next time I returned, and I cannot bear for him to think that a Confederate soldier failed to keep his word."

After Appomattox, like others who wore the gray, Mr. Bullock returned to his ruined plantation. The negroes had been freed, Sherman had carried away the stock, and without labor, without mules, and without means, the overgrown fields had to be placed under cultivation. Like others, he faced the horrors of Reconstruction and went to work to build up for himself a home amid the ruins.

On May 29, 1867, he married his cousin, Miss Isabella Burns Bullock, daughter of Mr. John Henry Bullock and Mary Hope Burns, of Warren County, N. C. In her he found a helpmate indeed, and the beauty of their home life was an inspiration to all who knew them; and their children will always cherish with love and reverence the memory of their saintly parents and the perfect home atmosphere in which they were reared. Mrs. Bullock died in the spring of 1926, a few weeks before the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

After the war, Mr. Bullock planted cotton and tobacco on his plantation of "Montpelier," taught public school for a term or two, was magistrate for a number of years, and was the first Register of Deeds of Vance County, N. C., then a new county just cut off from the old county of Granville. The latter years of his long life were spent quietly on his plantation, doing the daily tasks with patience and dignity, making existence easier and brighter for others, and setting, in his quiet, retiring way, an example that all would do well to follow. Old and young loved him and trusted him. Children were drawn to him at once, for his gentleness was irresistible. He was a devoted member of the old Presbyterian Church of Nutbush, Vance County; but his religion was broader than any sect. He knew his Bible almost by heart, and he lived up to its teachings. No one who heard his beautiful prayers could ever forget them, and not only his prayers, but also his life was like a benediction. He was one of the last of his generation and was typical in every way of the best of the Old South. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a Confederate soldier, and a Christian.



He is survived by nine children—four sons and five daughters—also by a brother, Walter Bullock, of Vance County, who was a first lieutenant in the Confederate army.

## W. A. POPKINS.

Just before the midnight hour on March 31, 1927, after a short illness, W. A. Popkins passed to his home beyond.

He was born near Winchester, in Frederick County, Va., on August 30, 1843, and spent his early years in this famous old State, where he wove into his young life her traditions and ideals, forming a fit foundation for his life building. When only eighteen years of age he enlisted in the 18th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., serving in Imboden's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Stuart's Corps, A. N. V. He was in practically all the battles of the Valley of Virginia, including the battles of Gettysburg and Winchester.

On September 19, 1870, he was married to Miss Sarah Chamberlin, and some years later they removed to Kansas, where they resided for a short while, then going to Odessa, Mo., which had been their home for almost thirty-five years. His wife survives, also one sister, and a foster daughter.

Early in his life Comrade Popkin became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and through all his long life bore testimony of his faith by living an earnest, active Christian. Besides home there were two institutions to which he gave himself unreservedly—his Church and the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo. For four years he served on the Board of Directors of this Confederate Home, unsparing in his zeal for the comfort of his comrades. Even to the last he was making preparation for his usual monthly official visit when his fatal illness struck him down. He was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at the Confederate Home, made sacred to him by the ever-increasing number of graves of the men with whom he had fought in the long ago.

He was a constant reader of his beloved VETERAN, and in his going it has lost another of its most loyal patrons and supporters. In its pages he again mingled with scenes and friends of other days and reviewed the cause that was always a matter of pride to him.

## REV. CHRISTOPHER SYDENSTRICKER.

Rev. Christopher Sydenstricker died on June 19, at Charles Town, W. Va., after a long illness. He had lived in Charles Town for about four years, and, until incapacitated by illness, had been an active worker in the Methodist Church there, having been for many years a minister of that denomination.

Christopher Sydenstricker was the son of Andrew and Frances Coffman Sydenstricker, born in Greenbrier County, W. Va., April 25, 1846. He received his primary education in the schools of the neighborhood and in hard work, as he often said. At the age of eighteen, he enlisted in the Edgar Battalion, from Greenbrier County, 38th Virginia Infantry, and served through the remainder of the war under Gen. Jubal Early. After the close of the war he returned to his farm and helped in the rehabilitation of home and neighborhood. He was married in 1869 to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, and to them were born five sons and three daughters. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son.

Early in his manhood, young Sydenstricker felt a call to the ministry. He joined the Baltimore Conference in March, 1886, and later served in many appointments until retired in 1922, his health having broken down. He was a man of strong mentality and accumulated a vast store of information and became a remarkably strong preacher of the gospel.

## COL. J. D. VANCE, U. C. V.

Col. J. D. Vance, a resident of Chickasha, Okla., for the past twenty-one years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. F. Thweatt, in that city, and after funeral services at the First Baptist Church, his body was taken to Gibson, Tenn., for burial by his wife in the old family burial ground. He was eighty-one years of age.

An outstanding figure in the Joe Shelby Camp, U. C. V., of Chickasha, Colonel Vance was prominent in the Confederate veterans' conventions, both State and national. He was recently appointed a member of the board of trustees of the Confederate Home at Ardmore; was aide de camp on the general staff, U. C. V., and also on the State staff of Oklahoma Division, and he was a Past Commander of the Joe Shelby Camp, at Chickasha.

James D. Vance was born at Gallatin, Tenn., November 27, 1845, and served in Company G, 2nd Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest during the War between the States. After the war, he taught school in Tennessee for a number of years before going to Chickasha. He was a member of the Baptist Church. He is survived by one son and a daughter.

## CAPT. ABEL M. CROW.

Capt. Abel M. Crow, one of the pioneers of Pontotoc County, Okla., died at his home in Ada, Okla., on the morning of May 3. He was born August 18, 1844, at Macon, Ga., and was married in 1870 to Miss Sallie Chiles, who survives him with three of the five children born to them—a son and two daughters.

When the war came on in 1861, young Crow enlisted with an artillery company and served throughout the four years of war. Among other engagements, he was in the battle of Gettysburg. He always took a deep interest in the Confederate association, and had held a number of official positions, having been Commander of the Camp at Ada, and also a brigadier general, commanding the Chickasaw Brigade.

Captain Crow was a member of the Baptist Church, and his life was directed by the Christian's faith. In addition to rearing his own children, he and his wife took into their home a deserted babe, when they were living near Lawrence, Kans., and gave the little founding the best of care as long as it lived. They could not have done more for one of their own.

"Again the trail of sorrow leads  
From out a happy home;  
Again the record of great deeds  
Ends nobly at the tomb.

Again the scythe of death is swung  
With deadly aim and low,  
To list, the deathless names among,  
The name of A. M. Crow."

[Mrs. C. A. Galbreath, Ada, Okla.]

## ANDREW N. TAYLOR.

Andrew N. Taylor died at his home in Cass, W. Va., on July 6, 1927, at the age of eighty-one years.

He was a life-long resident of Pocahontas County, and he enjoyed a wide circle of friends and acquaintance. During the War between the States he served as a Confederate soldier in the 19th Virginia Cavalry. He was a member of the Methodist Church and a devoted Christian.

Mr. Taylor is survived by his wife and a number of children. He was married three times.

## A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE.

In the passing into rest of Gen. Bartlett S. Johnston another rent appears in the fast-fading, thin gray line. It might be said of him, without a trace of rhetorical or overwrought utterance: "One moment here, the next he trod the viewless mansion of his God." He was born in Charlotte, N. C., but his active life was principally passed in Baltimore.

Our last meeting with each other was on June 3, 1924, a day held in sacred remembrance by those who bore unto the end the standards and illustrated in their lives the ideals of the South that died at Appomattox.

The writer of this brief tribute, from the beginning of consciousness, knew the race as well as the special lineage from which General Johnston sprang—its peerless chivalry, the matchless charm and purity of its women, in whom all the flowers and all the graces blended into perfect harmony.

In contemplating the death of my comrade, the heroic and consecrated character illustrated in his life and work, there springs spontaneously to memory the lament as well as the triumphant note of Lycidas:

"So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head."

[Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, June 28, 1927.]

## NOAH DANIEL KELLY.

On September 17, 1927, Noah Daniel Kelly passed over the river from his home in Bloomingdale, Hillsborough County, Fla., at the age of eighty-three and a half years.

Noah D. Kelly enlisted with Company F, 36th Alabama Infantry Regiment, in 1862, from Monroeville, Monroe County, Ala., the place of his birth, and was mustered out at the close of the war. His company was a part of Holtzclaus' Brigade, Clayton's Division.

In 1872, he and his wife, with several Hendrix families, migrated to South Florida, where they settled on a homestead in Bloomingdale, on which they lived together for more than fifty-four years.

A wife eighty years old survives him. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and was buried in Bloomingdale Cemetery by the De Soto Lodge of the F. & A. M. For many years he was an honored and respected citizen of our community.

[Mrs. Charles E. Garner.]

## MOSBY'S MEN.

Within the past twelve months the following members of Mosby's command have died: A. E. Mangett, Warrenton, Va.; L. E. Biddler, Luray, Va.; Samuel Bolling, Bedford City, Va.

These were all brave soldiers and gentlemen.

Out of the thousand men who composed Mosby's Regiment, only thirty are now alive, and these include the following officers: Lieutenant Colonel Chapman; Lieuts. John Russell, Frank Rahn, John Puryear, Channing M. Smith.

Of the dead may be written:

"The struggle ended, the storm hath passed o'er,  
And the waters with life stains are crimsoned no more;  
But long shall their deeds in memory tell  
Of the heroes who fought and the martyrs who fell."

[Lieut. Channing M. Smith, Adjutant, Mosby's Camp, U. C. V.]

## IRVIN EARL ANDERSON.

Another of "Morgan's Men" has answered the last roll call in the passing of Irvin Earl Anderson, of Anson, Tex., a

good man, a Christian, loved by all who knew him. On July 23, 1927, after an illness of several weeks, he was called to his eternal reward.

Irvin Anderson was born in Benton County, Ark., September 25, 1841. His parents went to Rusk County, Tex., in 1846, then to Gaudeloupe County in 1852, where he grew to manhood. Going to Fort Worth in 1860, he there joined Gano's Company, went across the Mississippi, and was transferred to the 37th Kentucky Cavalry, John H. Morgan's command, and was with that famous cavalry until it was captured after the raid in Ohio. He was sent to Camp Douglas and held there nineteen months. At the close of the war he was released, to get back to Texas as best he could.

[By his eighty-year-old sister-in-law, Mrs. H. A. Anderson.]

## D. C. RANDALS.

A leading and well-beloved citizen of the Waldrup community, Texas, was lost in the passing of D. C. Randals, on June 30, at the age of eighty-three years. He was taken ill shortly after the celebration of his birthday several weeks ago.

Comrade Randals served with the 8th Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., and had much actual service. It is said that his detachment was present at the capture of President Davis. He was a charter member of the U. C. V. Camp, No. 563, and was elected colonel of the 4th Regiment, Mountain Remnant Brigade, 5th Texas Division, at their annual reunion in August, 1926, at Christoval, Tex. He was also a charter member of Brady Lodge, F. & A. M., later transferring to Fifi Lodge, and a member and staunch supporter of the Methodist Church. Interment was in the cemetery at Waldrup.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

There is no spot on all this earth  
From sorrow free;  
It was decreed at mankind's birth  
That this should be.  
Our sorrows great, our pleasures small,  
Such is the common lot of all.

The greatest names are soon forgot,  
So fleet is Time;  
All earthly things must die and rot.  
Creeds deem'd sublime  
Are thrust aside, as on we tread,  
Striving to earn our daily bread.

Why should we fear impending death?  
Why should we mourn  
For them who draw their long, last breath,  
Their bodies borne  
To peaceful sleep beneath the sod,  
Their souls entrusted to their God?

What lies beyond, for woe or weal  
Not one can see.  
O death, thy mystery reveal!  
Give us the key  
Which opens the portals of the tomb,  
And shows beyond the light or gloom.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Mrs. Charles M. Donoho, President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Birmingham, Ala., of which city she was a resident for twenty-five years, died there, after a brief illness, on May 31, 1927, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.



MRS. CHARLES M. DONOHO.

Her early married life was spent at Tuscaloosa. She was born and reared in Bolivar, Tenn.

Those who knew Mrs. Donoho best would write of her sterling character, her loyalty and devotion in friendship, her kindness and affection as a mother, her progressive and active interest in all things that made for a better community in which to live, and of her perseverance in keeping alive the cherished memories of the Old South, of whose womanhood she was a glorious type.

She was the wife of a distinguished, heroic, and gallant Confederate soldier, the late Charles M. Donoho, of Birmingham, who enlisted, as a mere youth, as a private under Capt. R. E. Rhodes, on January 2, 1861, and immediately afterwards was assigned for duty at Fort Morgan. Six months later he was returned to Tuscaloosa and transferred to Capt. C. L. Lumsden's Battery, with which he continued to serve throughout the four years of war. He actively participated in eighteen battles, and was wounded at Spanish Fort, April 15, 1865. Mr. Donoho was prominently identified with and held a prominent position in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, attending every reunion and receiving many honors at the hands of his comrades.

Filled with tender emotions and sentiments of the Old South, loyal and faithful to every trust, Mrs. Donoho was best known for her conspicuous activity in the work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The happiest moments of her life, whether in the rank or file, were when actively engaged in the work of the organization, striving to

pay some tribute or to give aid and comfort to the Confederate veterans, the remnant of those who composed the army of the Southern cause. Of the many laborious tasks performed by her, she compiled a scrapbook containing hundreds of clippings pertaining to the Confederacy and the South. This scrapbook was the center of interest wherever shown, receiving commendation in the public press and in the general organization, U. D. C., winning first prize at the convention in Birmingham, 1922.

Mrs. Donoho was a Christian woman of the original pattern, a member of the Methodist Church, South. She was the first President of the Frances Willard Chapter, Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A hero in all that made heroes, she only feared to be wrong. Truth was all she asked in life; principle to her was everything.

We, the members of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., in memorial tribute, express our deep sense of loss in her going and our appreciation of the sweet spirit which dwelt awhile among us; and to her beloved sons and daughters goes our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement, with the comforting thought in their hour of sorrow that the good can never die.

[Committee: Mrs. W. S. Shepherd, Mrs. Mary Davidson, Mrs. J. A. Pitman, Mrs. S. W. Smith, Mrs. Berta Hammond.]

## MEMORIAL SERVICES BY THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER, U. D. C.

The following report comes from Mrs. H. B. Hickman, Vice President of the Philadelphia Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The Philadelphia Chapter has been signally honored and recognized in its memorial services this year.

For the service held May 24, at Finn's Point, N. J., the city of Camden gave us a police escort, with the right of way to the Point, a distance of forty miles. A monument to twenty-five hundred of our soldier dead has been erected there by the national government. It is located in a beautifully kept National Cemetery, on the banks of the Delaware, not far from the fort in which they were kept and died as prisoners of war. Our chaplain, Dr. Crosswell McBee, conducted the services, which were attended by a large number of the Chapter members.

The memorial service at Rittfield Cemetery, in Philadelphia, on May 27, conducted by our President, Mrs. George C. Davies, assisted by Dr. McBee, was most impressive and well attended by the Daughters, also by the Commander and members of the local Chapter of the American Legion. At the close of the service, a beautiful wreath was placed on the graves and Taps was sounded by a bugler from the Navy Yard. The Daughters were urgently requested by Col. Charles C. Allen, of the American Legion, to join with them in their services on May 30, which they did, a number of our officers and members being present. One of our honorary members and veterans, Mr. Frank King, was given a place of honor with the officers of the Legion. Dixie was played and an invitation extended to join with them in their services next year.

The Chapter has not been unmindful of the distress in the homeland of the South. By the efforts and subscriptions of members and from the Chapter, \$640 was sent, through the Red Cross and the general organization, to the flood sufferers; also between twelve and fifteen hundred pairs of shoes and rubbers through the Emergency Aid. Our ears are ever open and our hearts tender to the appeals that come to us from the dear Southland.



# United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*  
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....*First Vice President General*  
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa.....*Second Vice President General*  
186 Bethlehem Pike  
MISS KATIE DAFMAN, Ennis, Tex.....*Third Vice President General*  
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Recording Secretary General*  
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La.....*Corresponding Secretary General*  
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....*Treasurer General*  
Rural Route No. 2  
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....*Historian General*  
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert  
MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo.....*Registrar General*  
5330 Pershing  
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....*Custodian of Crosses*  
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Foro, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Your attention is called to the following matters of historic and literary interest:

Miss Hanna, of Florida, chairman of the Committee on Southern Literature, has conferred with many institutions of learning relative to their bestowing the Ph.D. degree and also requesting information as to their library equipment.

One letter of particular interest has been received from Dr. Little, acting president of the George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, Tenn. He answers as follows:

"In reply to your form letter asking whether your committee can be helpful to our institution, I beg to answer as follows:

"1. Our institution is conferring the Ph.D. degree in history. Just recently we had a candidate to complete the Ph.D. requirements in a study of Thomas H. Benton. He came to Nashville, above all places in the country, because of the connection with Andrew Jackson and the Benton localities.

"2. We are now having an inquiry from a former Peabody graduate who has done graduate work at the University of Chicago and has begun writing a dissertation on "The Expansion of the Executive Powers under President Jefferson Davis." We lack library equipment in that particular field. If you could help us find a supply of Jefferson Davis documents and papers of any sort and could furnish them to us, it would be a great boon, not only to this particular graduate student, but would be of inestimable value to the cause of Southern history for all of us good Americans.

"3. I have just suggested how your committee could be helpful to Peabody and to teachers in our Southern institutions. We are particularly anxious that they shall not be uninformed and unfriendly to the South."

In another letter he writes concerning certain books that are needed:

"Recently I sent you information relative to our needs for doing research work in Southern history. I am just in receipt of a list of books carefully compiled, at my request, by Professor Wirth, and am transmitting the list to you together with his letter.

"Dr. Wirth has associated with him this summer Dr. Marion Dargan, of an old South Carolina family, who is specially trained in Southern history and who is capable of doing high-class work in the field so important for a statement of our particular Southern ideals in relation to the larger national life. If your committee can supply any or all of these books to our growing department of graduate history, we shall be very grateful."

Miss Hanna has sent this list of fifty books to each Division Historian, requesting that this matter be taken up in the respective Divisions and such contributions as found possible be made.

Another matter has come to our attention: Mr. Garland Greever, of the University of Texas, has written requesting us to assist him with all letters and diaries in our possession, as he plans writing on the Reconstruction period. His permanent address is 2647 Cedar Street, Berkeley, Calif.

He is traveling through the various States at present, collecting material for his historic work, and he is commended to your consideration. Any assistance you give him will benefit Southern history.

Letters have been received from Dr. Claude G. Bowers, expressing appreciation of the very valuable contributions that have been made toward his work on the Reconstruction period.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The dart of the Insatiate Archer has once more flown, and again our peace is slain.

We lament the death of our Past President General, Mrs. J. C. Muse, of Texas. This distinguished woman was elected to this office in Baltimore in 1897, and has since that time continued constant in her interest in all the affairs of the organization, attending the conventions and lending a helping hand. Her place cannot be filled, and her absence from the deliberations of the Daughters will be sorely felt. To her bereaved husband and family we extend sincere sympathy.

To our fellow worker and friend, Miss Decca Lamar West, we send every expression of sympathy in her recent deep sorrow over the death of her father, Judge John C. West; a man held in high esteem by his community and State for his strong mentality and sterling worth. Truly, this passing of the gentleman of the old school leaves us sorrowful.

RUTH LAWTON.

## U. D. C. NOTES.

*Arkansas.*—The Elliott Fletcher Chapter, of Blytheville, takes unusual interest in the old veterans and their wives. At Christmas time, veterans and widows receive boxes of candy and fruits from this Chapter, and letters of cheer and blooming plants are sent to all who are sick or shut in. They offer medals for the highest grades in history in their high school; give scholarships at the Galloway Female College and at the State Normal, and have recently presented a historical pageant, compiled by a Blytheville girl, in which two hundred persons took part.

A Children of the Confederacy Chapter, sponsored by this Chapter, has for this year a separate yearbook from that of

the mother Chapter, its work having grown so greatly. The Chapter presented a picture of Arkansas's boy war hero, David Owen Dodd, to the Blytheville school, and the members often assist the mother Chapter in its programs.

This Division is expecting a year of unusual interest, since its President, Mrs. George Hughes, has outlined a "Standard of Excellence" for Chapters, and all are striving to attain the goal.

\* \* \*

*Connecticut.*—The members of the William Alexander, Jr., Chapter, of Connecticut, observed the birthday of President Jefferson Davis on June 3, by ordering a picture of Davis and his Cabinet, through the Literary Research Bureau, which, when framed, will be hung in the Chapter room in the home of Mrs. H. P. Field, in Greenwich.

\* \* \*

*Georgia.*—Perhaps never before have the Chapters of the Georgia Division been more active than during the present year, which will come to a brilliant close at the annual State convention at Covington, Ga., the last of October.

The great success of last year has been an incentive for the achievement of the present year. Gradually is coming the realization of the importance of bringing to the knowledge of present and future generations the true history of the South. The various chairmen have offered prizes and trophies as a special stimulus to Chapters to assist in this great work, and much valuable and interesting historical data is being brought to light.

Educational work is being especially stressed. Special emphasis is being placed upon the Alexander H. Stephens Memorial School at Crawfordville, the old home of this illustrious Georgia statesman and Vice President of the Confederate States of America. Great things are being planned for this school, both by the Daughters of the Confederacy and by the State of Georgia.

Covington is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the Division in October, and the mere fact that Covington is to be the hostess city insures the success of the meeting, for the very name is synonymous with hospitality and cordiality.

For the past two years, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie has been the beloved President of the Division, and during that time she has been the feted guest of Chapters from Rabun's Gap to Tybee's Light. She has ruled with wisdom and with impartiality and during her term of office she has won the admiration, respect, and love of every Georgia Daughter, and they feel that her usefulness in U. D. V. ranks will not cease with the expiration of her term of office.

Daughters of the Confederacy throughout the land will unite with Georgia in rejoicing that Miss Mildred Rutherford, who has been critically ill at an Athens hospital, is greatly improved and hopes soon to resume her historical research work. Miss Rutherford has perhaps done more for the preservation of the true history of the South than any other person, and the entire South rejoices that she is able to continue her work.

\* \* \*

*Louisiana.*—Among the relief workers throughout the flooded area of the State are many members of the U. D. C. Wherever there are refugee camps, the U. D. C. is doing valuable work and, in many instances, the members are devoting their entire time to the care of the flood sufferers. In Baton Rouge, the State capital, where more than seven thousand refugees were in camps, and many outsiders were taken care of, the number of U. D. C. workers was particularly

gratifying. Many Chapters contributed funds to be used in the sections of distress, Shreveport Chapter having given \$100, the largest amount donated by any one Chapter.

Due to the floods, the State convention, which was to have taken place in May, was postponed, and no date has yet been set. This flood has broken all records. It has put more water over more territory, has made more people homeless, and has caused more destruction by far than any preceding floods.

With simple ceremony, the United States flag presented to the people of Louisiana by the people of Massachusetts some years ago and preserved by the Joanna Waddill Chapter, U. D. C., was raised over the refugee camp on the old campus of the State University in celebration of the glorious Fourth.

The flag was brought to camp by the Division President, Mrs. L. U. Babin. During the ceremony of raising, a group of women workers, Boy Scouts, and campers gathered around. The flag was hoisted by Mrs. W. H. Stopher.

The chief interest of the Louisiana Division still centers about the placing of markers on the Jefferson Davis Highway. Besides those placed on June 3, at Pearl River and on Canal Street, New Orleans, two were placed at the Mississippi line on that spur of the highway that extends from New Orleans to Fairview, Ky. They were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, former Gov. J. Y. Sanders, of Louisiana, being the chief speaker. Two other markers are ready to be placed on each side of the Sabine River, between Texas and Louisiana, but this has been delayed on account of work on the highway. The Louisiana marker for this western boundary was given by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport. Very soon these markers will be dedicated, and at that ceremony Louisiana will be represented by former Gov. R. G. Pleasant. These markers are of granite, four feet high, and on each is a bronze tablet with an inscription.

New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, the mother Chapter of the Division, has recently celebrated its thirty-first anniversary with a birthday party at the Confederate Home, Camp Nichols. A table was set under the beautiful live oaks in front of the Home, and there the big cake, with its thirty-one red and white candles, was cut and served, with other good things. A box of candy was presented to every veteran. A delightful program, including an address by the Chapter President, Mrs. Ritayik, was given in the assembly hall, which was crowded with veterans and daughters and friends. There was excellent music and some good old-time—as well as present-time—dances.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Louisiana Division, which was to have been held at Shreveport in May, was postponed because of flood conditions and will be held at Shreveport, October 4-6. At a meeting of the Executive Board in July, parish boundary markers for the Jefferson Davis Highway were pledged by the Stonewall Jackson, Francis T. Nicholls, Joanna Waddill, and Henry Watkins Allen Chapters, and others are expected to follow their example.

\* \* \*

*Maryland.*—Throughout this Division the Daughters of the Confederacy have sustained a tremendous loss in the death of Miss Elizabeth Collins Lee, member of Baltimore Chapter No. 8. At the initial stage of our entrance into the World War, she was one of the first volunteers for service with Maryland University Hospital unit of nurses. A résumé of her overseas record is as follows:

Volunteered and mobilized in New York, May, 1918; assigned Base Hospital No. 15, Chairmont, France; volunteered for field service, American Troops offensive; served in Sectors

St. Mihiel, Lorraine, Argonne, and Verdun; transferred to Evacuation Base Hospital Camp, Fromercville, France; November 12, 1918, assisted in removal of wounded soldiers, made imperative by reason of shell fire directed against hospital by German artillery. For coolness and bravery displayed in discharge of duty, Miss Lee's name was forwarded by her commanding officer, Colonel Bowen, for Congressional medal, which citation was approved by General Pershing and awarded by War Department, Washington, D. C.

Full military honors were accorded her. A platoon fired its volley; the bugle sounded the last requiem taps, and under the folds of her country's flag she was left sleeping "on fame's eternal camping ground" at Arlington Cemetery, a fitting place for a great-great-niece of our immortal leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and a daughter of a soldier of the sixties, Richard Henry Lee, 1st Maryland Battery, Regiment Volunteers, C. S. A.

E. V. White Chapter, of Poolesville, celebrated its sixteenth birthday in August, many of the charter members still being active workers.

Memorial Day, June 3, was appropriately observed, as has been the custom since 1907. Before the Chapter was organized, a few devoted Southern people met to offer prayer, sing Southern songs, and to strew flowers on the graves of the Confederate dead in Monacacy Cemetery. Now people come from far and near to honor the occasion. This year Hon. Albert S. Brown, Adjutant Fitzhugh Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Frederick, Md., delivered the address.

\* \* \*

*Missouri.*—The Missouri Division is saddened over the sudden death of Mrs. C. H. Cunningham, of Caruthersville, who has been an outstanding U. D. C. worker in Southeast Missouri, and President of her Chapter for many years. She was a woman of splendid personality and will be greatly missed by the Division. She was a sister of Mrs. C. B. Faris, of St. Louis, a Past President of the Missouri Division.

Acting upon the recommendation of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Higginville, Mo., the Fifty-Third General Assembly, at Jefferson City, passed a bill setting aside some ninety-one acres of former waste land and adjoining slopes as a permanent memorial to the valor of the Confederate soldier. The United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri have undertaken the task of converting this land into a memorial worthy of those whom it honors. They are hastening the completion of this park so that the old folks at the Home may have this beautiful spot to enjoy during their few remaining years and while they are physically able to be out in the open.

In a chain of beautiful lakes the State Fish and Game Department has provided splendid fishing for them. The park adjoins the Home with State Highway No. 13 passing along the south line of the park. A wonderful showing has been made in these few months as shown by such beautiful bits as the Horseshoe Lake, down around which Lakeside Drive winds the Rock Garden with its aquatic plants shrubs, and trees, donated by the school children of Lafayette County; the Lily Pool, stocked with gold fish, and the beautiful, well-kept lawns, with their ornamental trees and shrubs.

Mr. Hillard Brewster, the landscape architect, who gives his services free, has a wonderful program outlined.

The planting and care of the trees, shrubs, etc., is under the personal direction of Mr. F. H. Chambers, Superintendent of the Home.

Some 25,000 plants, or \$5 000, will be needed to finish this park. Two dollars and over will plant a memorial tree, the donor naming the soldier to be honored. Already over three

thousand individuals, principally residents of Missouri, but also representing thirty-eight States, have made donations.

Missouri is the first State to sponsor any such pretentious recognition of the valor of the Confederate soldier. This park is a challenge to the pride of every Missourian and an opportunity to again honor their illustrious dead and brighten the twilight hours of those who yet linger awhile.

Any contributions will be greatly appreciated by the Missouri Daughters and the old folk at the Home.

\* \* \*

*Tennessee.*—The birthday of Gen. N. B. Forrest, July 13, was made the occasion for a special program by Nashville Chapter, No. 1, in its historical meeting, held at the close of its regular monthly meeting in July. The Chapter Historian, Miss Virginia Claybrooke, had called on different members for papers, readings, and personal reminiscences connected with the great Wizard of the Saddle and his family, and interesting contributions to the program were an eulogistic paper, the reading of the poem on Emma Sansom (the girl who piloted Forrest across Big Black), and several interesting talks by those who had acquaintance with the Forrest family, which made up a very enjoyable program.

The Rosalie Brown Chapter, of Erwin, entertained most delightfully on July 13, the birthday of Gen. Forrest, with a silver tea, the proceeds to be used for a monument which the Chapter will erect soon to the "Men and Women of the Confederacy" and the World War Heroes. Those in the receiving line were in costumes of the days of the sixties. The program consisted of old familiar melodies, readings, and violin solos.

\* \* \*

*Virginia.*—Hope-Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, is doing excellent work along educational as well as other lines. In addition to the medal given to the Maury High School, in Norfolk, one is offered at Chatham Episcopal Institute. Flags have been given to Blair and Rufner Junior High Schools, and many books have been placed in the city libraries and schools.

Klarksville Chapter, one of the youngest, has recently organized a Children of the Confederacy Chapter with fifteen girls enrolled. No Chapter in the Division is more active than this one in the care and relief of the veterans of the country.

Manassas Chapter announces that Hon. C. A. Sinclair has established a prize in the Bennett School, to be known as the Eloise Armistead Sinclair Medal, in memory of his mother, the late Historian of the Chapter.

The monument erected by the Petersburg Chapter in memory of Maj. Gen. William Mahone was unveiled on July 30. Gen. Homer Atkinson presided over the exercises and was introduced by the Chapter President, Mrs. J. R. Bell. Ex-Gov. William Hodges Mann delivered the address, giving a history of the Mahone Brigade and its activities during the war, with a résumé of the battles in which they were engaged. "We are standing on holy ground," he said, "ground soaked with the blood of men who in courage and character could not be surpassed. Many of them in that charge up this hill laid down their lives in defense of our mothers and wives. They were skillfully and gallantly lead by Gen. William Mahone, and this monument is but a weak expression of the love and gratitude which the Daughters of the Confederacy can give for his splendid services." The speaker gave an account of the battle of the Crater and of the splendid charge made by the brigade.

At the conclusion of the address, the battle flag of the Confederacy was pulled aside by Mrs. William L. Magill, daughter of General Mahone, and the monument stood unveiled



amid the applause of the large assemblage. Mrs. R. T. Meade, Honorary President of Virginia Division, placed a wreath at the base of the monument for the Daughters of the Confederacy, and another wreath was placed by Mrs. C. E. Ridenour on behalf of the American Legion Auxiliary. Music for this occasion was furnished by the 183rd Regimental Band.

## FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The following announcement has been sent to all Division officers and Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy

"The Rawley Martin Chapter, Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, presents the name of Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., for the office of President General, U. D. C., and seeks your support. Many Divisions are pledged to Mrs. Merchant, and Chapters throughout the country have indorsed her. Her name will be presented to the Virginia Division, October, 1927."

Mrs. Merchant has served the Virginia Division as Treasurer, Registrar, President, Recording Secretary, and chairman of prominent committees; the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Recording Secretary General, General Chairman of Education, and Second Vice President General. While holding these offices she did splendid work for our organization, work that stands preëminent, that fits her to be the leader of our great organization.

Mrs. Merchant has been indorsed by the district meetings at which the announcement of her candidacy was presented and by a large number of the Chapters of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CATHERINE CUSTIS TAYLOR GOFFIGNON,  
Past President, Virginia Division, U. D. C.

## Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History~

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

### HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

#### GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES

##### U. D. C. Program for September.

ARKANSAS SECEDED May 6, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Arkansas was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

Senators: Robert W. Johnson (1, 2); Charles B. Mitchell (1); Augustus H. Garland (2).

Representatives: Robert W. Johnson (P); Albert Rust (P); Hugh F. Thomason (P); W. W. Watkins (P); Augustus H. Garland (P, 1, 2); Robert Jemison, Jr. (1, 2); Grandison D. Royston (1); Rufus K. Garland (2); David W. Carroll (2); Thomas B. Hanley (1, 2).

#### C. OF C. PROGRAM, SEPTEMBER.

Locate Richmond, Va. Describe the seven days' fighting—Mechanicsville, June 26; Gaines's Mill, June 27; Savage Station, June 29; White Oak Swamp, June 30; Malvern Hill,

July 1. Why were the Federals so anxious to secure Richmond?

Read "The Worst of War," by Howard Weedon. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XIII, 5728.

### CHILDREN OF CONFEDERACY CATECHISM.

Under what disadvantages did the Confederate army fight?

Not only did the Confederates have greatly inferior numbers, but they were poorly armed, often scarce of ammunition, and scantily fed and clothed.

What was the spirit of the army?

Always ready to follow their leaders and never willing to give up the fight. Victory or death was their motto.

When did the war come to a close?

When General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox, Va., on April 9, 1865.

How many men did he surrender?

About 25,000.

To what Northern general did he surrender?

Gen. U. S. Grant, who had 120,000 men in his army.

Was the Confederate army defeated?

No; it was overpowered by numbers, and its resources exhausted.

What soon followed General Lee's surrender?

The surrender of all the Confederate forces and the capture of President Davis and his Cabinet in Georgia.

What were the conditions of the surrender as made by Gen. Grant?

These conditions were liberal and generally observed, except in the case of President Davis and some others. Mr. Davis was subjected to many humiliations, even to being put in irons.

Why do the people of the South honor him so greatly?

First for his integrity of character as a man and patriot, and because he suffered the greater martyrdom for their cause.

Were the people of the South punished for engaging in the war?

Yes, by losing nearly all they possessed, and further by having a horde of men called "carpetbaggers" sent down South to rule over them and rob them of the little left to them by the ruins of war.

### WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

We have traveled a long road since 1921, but the end is not yet in sight. As our work now more and more closely ties up with the Division Directors, it becomes increasingly essential to call more and more upon the Division Presidents to give us their special aid.

Some very encouraging reports of Divisions have been received. August is a carefree vacation time, but we must not forget that only two more months remain until November 1, and then comes the convention. Much discussion has taken place in some of the Divisions in the past regarding the nonpayment of this debt. That general sentiment is crystallizing along the line of *meeting the obligation* is shown by the fact that but few Divisions with large U. D. C. population are among the delinquent. We are hoping they will soon come under the line and join in the wish of our President General that a final report be made at Charleston.

Yours faithfully, MRS. EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman*.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

# Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Peaody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HONGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Past Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	
MRS. L. T. D. QUMBY.....	<i>National Organizer</i>
Atlanta, Ga.	

## STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....	Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....	Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeanie D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MARYLAND.....	Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA.....	
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	



All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

*My Dear Coworkers:* With the advent of September, when nature begins to tint forest and field with patches of crimson and gold, when the husbandman gathers into barns the fruits of his labors, when the summer wayfarer turns his face to the home nest and the good wife puts the house in order for the advancing winter, when schoolbooks are taken from their shelves for lessons soon to be learned—we too, who have obligations for various endeavors, find our thoughts turning toward plans and prospects for making new records that shall cause our responsibilities to be written across our reports, "Success." Success can come only through careful and well-laid plans. Our first fall meeting faces us, and let our plans be so well made that every member will have ample notice in due time to attend the meeting. A little music, a little light refreshment, an interesting story or reminiscence of the summer outing, or some interesting spot visited, some worthwhile friend added to the acquaintance, then a very short, snappy business program, and each one will leave with pleasant memories of our Memorial Association meeting and feel an interest in going again when another is planned. Let us start the new year's work determined to make it the best possible. See to it that the right books are used and that our children are taught the truths of history, that, standing out in review, Davis, Lee, Jackson, and the many splendid Southern generals had no peers, and the Southern soldier, whether private or officer, made a record that cannot be surpassed in the history of any people. Teach them of the beauty, the chivalry, the godliness, the culture, the refinement of the men and women of the Old South, and that to emulate them should be the proudest heritage of a people. Above all, may your President General ask that you send to her from time to time a line which will give to her fresh inspiration and the courage that comes from the support of those for whom, and with whom, we labor.

Yours, in loving service,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General, C. S. M. A.*

## C. S. M. A. NOTES.

The many friends of our Auditor General, Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, will be interested in knowing that she is having a most delightful vacation, enjoying the sights and pleasures of the Old World. While not present to wish her bon voyage, our thoughts will follow her in affectionate remembrance, and our wishes speed her safe return, with added inspiration, to

enjoy the new world and aid anew in carrying forward the work in our dear Southland, so rich in its beautiful traditions and lofty patriotism.

\* \* \*

Miss Rutherford's condition has much improved, which is a source of real pleasure and gratification, not only to those of our organization, which is honored by her leadership as Historian General, but her great work for the South in righting the wrongs of history carries her name and fame to every quarter of our country; and countless friends have been sending up petitions to the Giver of all good that she may yet have length of days that will enable her to more fully put upon the pages of history facts that will add yet more luster to the cause which she holds sacred next to her faith in her Creator.

\* \* \*

Our beloved Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, still continues very feeble, but his spirit is undimmed, and in his affection and devotion to his beloved comrades and his native Southland that spirit shines forth next to his love and adoration for his Lord and Master. Our tender thoughts and prayers for his comfort like daily incense arise that kind providence may allow him to once again come among those who revere and love him.

\* \* \*

We are happy to be able to say that the two Memphis members of our official family, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, our First Vice President General, and Mrs. Earnest Walworth, chairman Gold Bar of Honor, who have been so ill, are reported improved. That Miss Sue Walker, our Second Vice President General, has recovered and is again able to be among her friends is most gratifying news.

\* \* \*

Deep sympathy will go out to our honored and loved Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis, whose patriotic service as President of the National Daughters of 1912 and Vice President General D. A. R., has given her wide recognition, in the loss of her husband, at their home in Little Rock, the 5th of August. Mrs. Davis is a member at large of the C. S. M. A., and belongs to other Southern organizations, which evidences her broad patriotism, and in every section of our country hearts are saddened by her sorrow.

Our dear Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, is receiving the deepest and most loving sympathy in the passing of her brother, Mr. George M. Hodgson, at their home in New Orleans, after a prolonged illness, on Friday, August 12. When sorrow touches our own Miss Daisy, many friends are bowed in grief with her and pray that she may be sustained and comforted by the all-wise Providence, who knows our sorrows and carries our griefs. May the loving thoughts of these many friends comfort in this hour when separation is grievous.

## STONE MOUNTAIN MEDAL.

At the recent celebration on July 13, of the birthday of Gen. N. B. Forrest, at Forrest Park, Memphis, Tenn., by the General Forrest Chapter, U. D. C., the Mary Forrest Bradley Children of the Confederacy, who are also members of the Junior Memorial Association of Memphis, conferred a Stone Mountain Medal on Mr. J. T. Frith, Confederate veteran, who served as bandmaster during the War between the States. Miss Rosa L. Denton, of Washington, D. C., has secured through the Ladies' Memorial Association of Memphis, Tenn., a Stone Mountain Medal for her deceased father, Capt. Frank Desha Denton, member of Company A, Confederate Veteran Association, of Memphis.

## CONFEDERATE MOTHER A CENTENARIAN.

BY MARY DOROTHY WALKWORTH.

It is a tender and beautiful thought to present the Gold Bar of Honor to aged mothers of the South who still enjoy having with them their hero boys who fought the battles of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Sally Smith, of Blue Springs, Miss., was greatly honored on her one hundredth birthday, the 18th of August. The whole county turned out to honor this gentlewoman of so many memories, able to recall so many events, a loving mother, a home maker. Her body is frail, but her mind is as clear as a bell, and she creates a halo of gladness to all who come within the influence of her wide experience. She says she is never unhappy; but while she is waiting for the call, her joy is to love, to scatter abroad the wisdom of the Father of all humanity. Every one calls Mrs. Smith "Aunt Sally," and she thinks it is fine and comforting.

Over one thousand people were present to assist in making "Aunt Sally" happy and her birthday a pleasant memory. In the spacious school building at Blue Springs, under the trees, and about the windows, her friends gathered.

Her son, the hero boy, eighty years old, held her hand while children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren did her honor. The crowd rose to greet this good woman who knew life in storm and sunshine, who had walked in paths of truth and love, seeing only the holy attitudes of conduct.

An hour of song, led by the noted Roberts brothers in the old songs and favorite hymns, was thoroughly enjoyed. Hon. S. Joe Owens, State Senator, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. G. C. Potter, speaking of "the continual changes from year to year," said: "Some things cannot change, even those who hold to the law like this mother in Israel." Her great-grandson, Rev. Clifford Newman, told of her honor and devotion for the homes in the dear Southland. Dr. H. D. Stephens and Dr. G. W. Duncan, both kinsmen of this noted woman, spoke of her unselfishness and her constant doing for the needy of the South.

Four sons are living to-day, J. Minot Smith, Confederate veteran of New Albany, Miss.; J. L. Smith, of Helena, Ark.;

John C. Smith, of Blue Springs, and D. F. Smith, of New Albany, all doing their part as beloved citizens.

The Gold Bar of Honor was sent to Mrs. Smith some months ago by the President General of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, Mrs. A. McD Wilson, who originated this beautiful idea to honor aged women of the South and has sent into many homes the "Gift of Gold."

Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Smith, with whom she lives, writes so lovingly of mother, and says though she is too aged to do much, she is so patient and kind-hearted, and adds: "She is almost blind, and we help her, and I pray the good Lord will give me strength to wait on mother as long as she lives. I have taken care of her for many years, and love her. The Lord promises to be with his children in need. Her husband died in 1891, and we would be lonely without her." She loves all the things of the world and the glory of the Father.

## THE STONE MOUNTAIN EMBLEM.\*

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

With the star of memory pointing  
To the wondrous past to-day,  
Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain,  
On these wearers of the gray.

They were the precious "seed corn"  
That the leader prayed to save,  
When the thinning ranks were calling  
Both the cradle and the grave.

They had gazed in childish wonder  
On the troops of sixty-one,  
But the young hands grasped their muskets  
Ere the bloody strife was done.

And they carried on in valor  
Through field and slimy pen;  
For the cause had made them soldiers,  
And the need had made them men.

Look down, ransomed spirits,  
Lean toward this earthly sod,  
O! souls of all our heroes,  
Gathered round the throne of God;

Many roughshod years have fallen  
On the sunny land you knew,  
But the manhood of the Southland  
Still is keeping faith with you!

Pin the emblem of Stone Mountain  
On these men who wore the gray;  
They are the holiest tokens  
In the Southern land to-day.

## A DAUGHTER OF MISSOURI

Mrs. Flora E. Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., writes of the death of Mrs. Laura Mercer at her stately, old-fashioned home in Independence, Mo. Her husband was Joseph W. Mercer, one of the three State treasurers of Missouri who each lost an arm in the Confederate service. Mrs. Mercer was the owner of the original painting of "Order No. 11," by Capt. George C. Bingham, which depicted the burning of homes of Southerners by the Union soldiers in executing that obnoxious order. Mrs. Mercer was a beloved member of the Independence Chapter, U. D. C.

\* Presented to the living veterans of the Confederacy.



# Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

## GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. .... *Adjutant in Chief*  
JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. .... *Inspector in Chief*  
JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C. .... *Judge Advocate in Chief*  
DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss. .... *Surgeon in Chief*  
V. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. .... *Quartermaster in Chief*  
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C. .... *Historian in Chief*  
B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla. .... *Commissary in Chief*  
REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn. .... *Chaplain in Chief*

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, *Chairman*, ..... Lake Charles, La.  
N. B. FORREST, *Secretary*, ..... Atlanta, Ga.  
CHARLIE M. BROWN, ..... Asheville, N. C.  
SUMTER L. LOWRY, ..... Tampa, Fla.  
EDMOND R. WILES, ..... Little Rock, Ark.  
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY, ..... Wichita Falls, Tex.  
JESSE ANTHONY, 7 Iowa Circle, ..... Washington, D. C.

## DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Va. .... *Army of Northern Virginia*  
JOHN ASHLEY JONES, Atlanta, Ga. .... *Army of Tennessee*  
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., *Army of Trans-Mississippi*

## DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne, ..... Alabama  
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, ..... Arkansas  
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill., ..... *Central Division*  
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.  
District of Columbia and Maryland  
SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y. .... *Eastern Division*  
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, ..... Florida  
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah, ..... Georgia  
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, ..... Kentucky  
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.  
JOSEPH E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis, ..... Missouri  
JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, ..... Mississippi  
J. D. PAUL, Washington, ..... North Carolina  
L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla. .... Oklahoma  
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington  
Pacific Division  
REID ELKINS, Greenville, ..... South Carolina  
J. L. HIGHSAW, Memphis, ..... Tennessee  
LON S. SMITH, Austin, ..... Texas  
R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, ..... Virginia  
E. L. BELL, Lewisburg, ..... West Virginia



All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

## ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

### THE ANNIVERSARY OF MANASSAS.

"On July 21, 1927," says Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, President of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park and Historian in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, "there was held on those fields, in the shade of the grove near where Bee fell, where Jackson became 'Stonewall,' where Beauregard had two horses shot from under him, in sight of where Evans with fewer than 2,000 held in check for two hours, thus saving the day, more than 18,000 of the Federals, the third annual Confederate field day. Speeches ablaze with Confederate truth enkindled by the history of the past; dinner; a delightful afternoon in review of the world-famous events in which your ancestors took part on those plains. Every man and woman went home happier and fuller of determination that the work shall succeed as its charter provides. There is no place in all the South where more people from more places can readily gather. Help us make those annual periods the great battle field historical center in the interest of your ancestors' brilliant fight for honest right. And more, let's mark those fields that for all time guides there in our fathers' gray may point it out as the South's great battle field symbol to all Confederates. I earnestly urge that you no longer delay; what Kentucky has done by appeals, your Division can do—must do."

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Commander Edmond R. Wiles, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, has appointed the following-named comrades as members of his staff:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Robert D. Lee, Little Rock, Ark.; Quartermaster, J. Edward Jones, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Inspector, Judge Edward S. McCarver, Orange, Tex.; Commissary, Joseph Mullen, St. Louis, Mo.; Judge Advocate, John L. Carter, Little Rock, Ark.; Surgeon, Dr. George R. Tabor, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Historian, Hon. Lon A. Smith, Austin, Tex.; Chaplain, Bishop James R. Winchester, Little Rock, Ark.

### CAMP COCKRELL ORGANIZED.

Camp Francis M. Cockrell, No. 310, of Kansas City, Mo., was recently organized. The officers of the Camp are as follows: Commander, James H. White; Adjutant, Richard O. Steele; Treasurer, David E. Long; Judge Advocate, Hunt C.

Moore; Surgeon, J. Henry George. The other members elected are Charles H. Bayne, Ernest Sheppard, Elza M. Pickett, Albert J. Miller, Carlton R. Benton, Elmer T. Bradley, Lex McDaniel.

### IN MEMORIAM.

On July 25, 1927, J. W. L. Arthur, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Asheville, N. C., died. For several years Comrade Arthur was active in the work of the organization and organized a great many Camps, S. C. V., in North and South Carolina.

Comrade Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., died July 1, 1927. Comrade Stewart was elected Commander in Chief, S. C. V., in 1914, and served the organization as a member of the Executive Council for the years 1915 and 1916. This Department joins in the grief every Son must feel in the going of Comrades Arthur and Stewart.

### DOWN IN FLORIDA.

The work of restoring the old Gamble mansion, at Ellenton, Fla., is being rapidly completed, under the supervision of the Judah P. Benjamin Chapter, U. D. C., and a local committee of citizens, and it will be made a Confederate museum, a place for storing all Confederate records, the effort being to make this a real Confederate shrine. Pictures of Generals Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet have been presented, and others will be added from time to time. A joint picnic was held there in July by the veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Arrangements are also being made to dedicate the Robert E. Lee marker on the highway near Marianna, Fla., during the annual reunion of Confederate Veterans and Sons to be held there September 27-29. Large attendance is expected for the occasion, and the entertainment committees are preparing to have them enjoy the wonderful hospitality of West Florida. Commander in Chief Sumter L. Lowry, S. C. V., has been invited to make the address at the dedication of the marker.

It is the earnest desire of Commander Lowry that the organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans become a live organization, interested in all that pertains to our Confederate history and active participants in the work which will establish the truth of it.

## ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

The following comes from J. F. Walker, of Monticello, Ga., who was a young sergeant at Andersonville guarding the prisoners. Of this he says:

"Through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I wish to give a few facts in regard to that much-maligned prison at Andersonville, Ga.

"When our 'war' governor, Joe Brown, called for volunteers from seventeen to forty-five, it included me, just seventeen. I was in the first regiment and the second company to reach Andersonville, and was with the last batch of men to leave. I was detailed as a stockade sergeant, with a "pass at any and all times" to enter the prison. A creek ran through the prison grounds all the time. True, that in hot weather the water was warm for drinking. Appeals were made for tools to dig wells, and Captain Wirz sent them in to the prisoners. They never tried to get water, but used the tools to tunnel out, a clever scheme. After digging down a distance supposed to be deep enough to pass under the stockade wall of posts, made of large pine trees, one prisoner passed under the wall in the daytime. The dirt caved in behind him, and, gopherlike, he had to hurry to the top to prevent smothering. Being inside the outer guard line, he was caught and put back in prison, then all the tools were taken out. That wonderful spouting 'Providence Spring' never spouted in answer to any prisoner's prayers. Near the creek was a small spring, a

"wet weather spring," and after a heavy freshet a bold stream broke out where once had been a spring.

"In later years I stopped to see how things looked. A magical change, a Federal cemetery, a nice, small building over the spring, the water flowing through a pipe, and a marble slab telling the world—what? A picture on the wall of the keeper's house, showing prisoners in a ragged condition. I never saw a ragged Federal prisoner in the whole 32,000. Do Northern histories tell that the prisoners caught and tried twelve of their own men and their appointed judge sentenced and hanged five of their fellow prisoners? I saw them executed. The heaviest broke the rope, was instantly caught, and rehanged. Do such histories tell that the five men had killed a fellow prisoner and buried him in a shallow grave beneath a tent, and that the deed was discovered when the odor created a suspicion and investigation revealed the murder? This court proceeding was done after hearing from the Federal government with instructions.

STILL YOUNG.—In renewing his subscription, T. B. Hogg, of Shawnee, Okla., writes: "I passed my eighty-first birthday on the 18th of July and am still young and active; have all of my teeth. I was a member of Company E, 2nd Arkansas, Colonel Slemmons's, Regiment, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division. My captain, William H. Cooper, still lives at Malvern, Ark., eighty-five years old. He and another of my company with myself are all that are left.

## WHEN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER WAS IN FLOOD.



Copyright P. and A. Photos.

The above picture gives a tragic view of the beautiful little city of Greenville, Miss., one of the scores of towns in the lower Mississippi Valley during the time that great river was in flood. Many thousands of square miles of rich farming country were also inundated, crops and live stock destroyed, homes in town and country swept away. This was but one of many such devastating floods, and it is up to our government, which owns the waterways of the country, to see that there is no repetition of this disaster. The use of this picture was secured through the *Public Service Magazine*, of Chicago, Ill., which is one of the earnest advocates of flood control, and the means by which it can be done should be the chief concern of our next congress.

## WHEN COLUMBIA WAS BURNED.

(Continued from page 340.)

Colonel Stone said: "About 8 P.M. the city was fired in a number of places by some of our escaped prisoners and citizens (I am satisfied that I can prove this), and as some of the fire originated in basements filled with cotton it was impossible to extinguish it. In my opinion, Sherman had no more to do with the burning of Columbia than I did, as there is no doubt in the world that the fire was started by the Confederates, looked at by the organized portion of Sherman's army, and spread by drunken men of all degrees. It is a fact that Sherman said, 'I doubt that we shall spare the public buildings in Columbia,' and while I hold no brief for Mr. Sherman, I defy anyone to prove that he had anything whatever to do with the conflagration."

## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

J. A. Yeager, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, writes from Tulsa

"There is one article in the VETERAN of August that should be worth more to all veterans and their descendants than the price of the VETERAN for one year. A beautiful monument to the memory of our fallen heroes is something that will never be forgotten. In this instance, Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., furnished the subject for Oakwood Cemetery. Not killed in battle; as one of the inmates of that prison, I can say 'in battle' would have been preferable. These 6,000 do not represent all that died in Camp Douglas, as many bodies were shipped back to their homes. The six thousand and more met their death from various causes, some of which would not sound very well in print. I make special mention of this Memorial Day exercise for the reason I spent (not from choice) nineteen months, which seemed at least twice as long.

"This memorial article should be copied and inserted in the minutes of all of our organizations. I will promise this for the State of Oklahoma, of which I am Commander, and I would suggest that all those taking the VETERAN make an effort to see that their acquaintances of the same faith read of this service in the August number, page 309. I want to thank the Daughters of the Confederacy in Chicago and all others who made it possible for us to have this beautiful tribute to our soldiers who met a prisoner's death."

## MY OLD VIOLIN.

A CONCERT.

BY G. M. TRIPLETT.

Old violin, dear friend of mine,  
 Within thy perfect shell,  
 The ghosts of melodies divine  
 In latent slumber dwell.  
 Awaken them for me to-night,  
 And play each tender strain;  
 Fill ev'ry thought with fancies bright,  
 Bring back my youth again.

Old violin, dear violin,  
 I sit here all alone;  
 Sweet smiles no longer can I win,  
 Love long ago has flown.  
 Thou art indeed my only friend,  
 Fond thoughts thy form entwine;  
 Then cheer me at my journey's end  
 With airs of *auld lang syne*.

## HOW THE VETERAN HELPS.

That the inquiries made through the VETERAN in behalf of veterans or their widows who are trying to secure pensions have been helpful in locating those who can testify to the war service is proved by letters received, although every one thus benefited does not report. Special instance of the efficacy of these inquiries was given in a letter from Robert A. Moore, a prominent citizen of Huntsville, Ala., who wrote of having seen in the VETERAN an inquiry in behalf of the widow of Thomas U. Pinkerton, of Company C, 41st Tennessee Regiment, and as Mr. Moore's father was captain of Company F, of that regiment, he very quickly located a member of another company in the same regiment who was a friend of Mr. Pinkerton in their early years and could certify to his war record. Mr. Moore is a prominent member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, being Assistant Adjutant General to the Commander of the Third Alabama Brigade.

Another letter came from Noah W. Money, Point of Rocks, Md., who was able to locate the grave of his uncle, Ephraim Money, by an inquiry which was seen by Dr. Charles Russell, of Herndon, Va., who knew that Ephraim Money was a member of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, under Turner Ashby; that he was wounded and captured, and died in prison at Point Lookout, Md.

It is becoming more and more difficult to find those who can give such information as the above, and those who have not their Confederate records established should not delay further. Let the VETERAN help.

## SPOILED THE SOUP.

BY W. D. CRAIG, CHESTERFIELD, S. C., COMMANDING FIRST  
 SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE, U. C. V.

Reading in the VETERAN some time ago about the old churches of that grand old city of Charleston brought to mind a review of my service in the 21st Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers. I was in sight of the lights and hearing of the bells of the old churches for the first four months of 1864. The greater part of the time I was in that historic old Fort Sumter while it was being knocked to pieces from Fort Wagner on Morris Island. I have a scar on my right arm made by a brick knocked from the walls by a shell. It was a great inspiration to the lone sentinel, on post on that lonely pile of brick, to see the lights of the city and to hear the stroke of the old clock. It spurred him to do his best to defend the noble people of the city from the encroachments of a cruel foe. Every man felt a personal interest in the city, especially did the women. If every soldier could have had the patriotism of the women of the city, in fact, of the whole South, I believe the result would have been different.

The ladies of the city were always trying to help us out. In April, 1864, they sent us a cargo of vegetables, knowing that every one longs for a taste of green in the spring and that we could not get out to appropriate vegetables for ourselves. We had no way of cooking, so we ate all we could raw, then began to search for some way to cook the remainder. We had an immense kettle to boil our clothes in; so after much washing and scouring, we decided to use this kettle. We put in all our vegetables, all our meat, and all our hard-tack and boiled it together. It smelled so good, and every man was standing ready to dip his cup in the kettle when a shell from the enemy's gun came over, singing "Tu-wicker, Tu-wicker," and fell in that pot of vegetables! Instead of getting that soup inside of us, it was all scattered on the outside. We can laugh over it now, but it was a tragic moment then.



Mrs. W. C. R. Tapscott, Berryville, Va., would like to know if there are any survivors of Captain Tapscott's command, Company C, 37th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry.

Mrs. W. H. Bush, 3214 Wesley Street, Greenville, Tex., is trying to get information on her father's record as a Confederate soldier. He was Charles O. Brooks, and he went out with the Noxubee Rifles, under Capt. Tom Stokes, enlisting at Macon, Miss., at the beginning of the war, and was in prison at Johnson's Island at the close. His service was with the Army of Northern Virginia, and he took part in many important battles and was wounded several times. Any surviving comrades or friends who remember him in the war will please write to Mrs. Bush.

BACK-HAND COMPLIMENT.—Jones was at a dinner party. He was shy and nervous and could never summon up courage to speak because of his inability to say anything neat. All the evening he had been trying to think of something nice to say to his hostess. At last he thought he saw his chance. "What a small appetite you have, Mr. Jones," said his hostess with a smile. "To sit next to you," he replied gallantly, "would cause any man to lose his appetite."—*Los Angeles Times*.

# CLERGYMEN, DOCTORS, LAWYERS

And others, look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices. GEORGE H. HAKES, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

T. C. Wingfield, of Lagrange, Ky., would like to get the name of the commander of the Swamp Angels, a band of guerrillas who operated in West Virginia during the War between the States; says the captain was shot after he had surrendered, while trying to pass himself off as a regular Union soldier.

W. A. Sullivan, Jackson, Miss., would like to secure a copy of Welch's book on "A Confederate Surgeon's Letters to His Wife," which he will buy or will give in exchange Sorrell's "Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer."

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C., would like to hear from anyone who was at the battle of Bentonville, N. C., and can tell her what woman fought there in an Alabama Regiment with her husband and who performed a heroic act in rescuing her dead husband's body during the battle.

## The War Between the States

By ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE  
of President Jefferson Davis's Cabinet  
A book that should be in every Southerner's home. It is an authoritative statement of the facts that led the South to establish the Confederate States of America. This book should be read carefully by the children of the South, so that they may be conversant with the real facts that brought about the terrible struggle between the States and the cause for which their fathers and grandfathers fought so gallantly.

\$1.00, POSTPAID

J. P. BELL COMPANY, Publishers  
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

### A FAMOUS DOG.

There is a famous dog at Washington, mounted at the Smithsonian. He is "Owney," the post office dog, who went around the world alone. "Owney," with impunity, walked into a mail car one day in the eighties and attached himself to the Railway Mail Service. He was considered a mascot on any mail coach which he selected to have the honor of his company. He went from one end of the country to the other repeatedly and never tired of traveling. On August 19, 1895, he walked up the gangplank of the Victoria and sailed for Japan, the first leg of his journey around the world. He got so many medals that they grew too heavy for him to carry, so they were stored. They also are on exhibit.—*National Tribune*.

ON SHARES.—A cautious traveler in Northern Arkansas stopped by a fence to criticise a near cornfield which met his disapproval. "Mighty small corn you have there!" he shouted to the man who was "superintending the growth" from a shady corner. "Yes," said the Arkansan, "Planted the small kind." "Looks mighty yellow to me for this time of year." "Yes. Planted the yellow kind." "Well," said the traveler severely, "I can't understand your method of farming. You will get only half a crop." "Yep!" said the Arkansan, cheerfully. "You are shore a good guesser, stranger. Half a crop exactly, that's mine. I planted this on shares."—*Kansas City Star*.

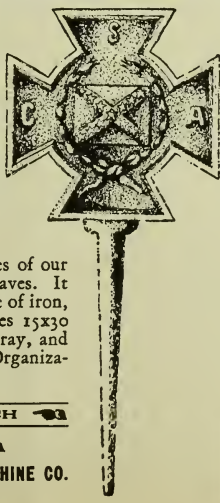
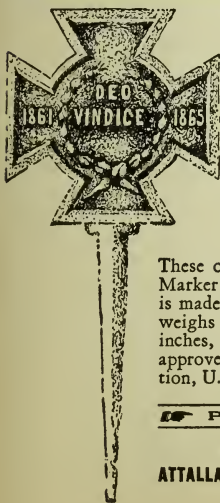
PAUPER COSTS.—The average American pauper requires \$334.64 a year for his maintenance, the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Labor Department estimated after a survey of 93 per cent of the public pauper institutions of the country.

"Lest  
We  
Forget"

These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH

F. O. B. ATTALLA  
ATTALLA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE CO.  
Attalla, Ala.





## Answer These

Is it advisable for educators of Southern Universities to resurrect and perpetuate the literature, learning and culture of the South?

Do you think several others in your community might be interested in seeing the accomplishment of such a movement?

We would like your opinion of this movement and if you will write us, giving your name and address, we will send you absolutely FREE of charge and without obligation on your part, a beautiful and interesting 44 page book illustrating what has been accomplished in establishing one internationally famed writer of Southern birth.

We want you to have this book. We know you will enjoy receiving it and reading it. It is our pleasure to give it to you, for we are interested in learning your answers to the above questions. Write and give us your opinion today.

The MARTIN and HOYT COMPANY  
Dept. 108 : Atlanta, Georgia

**and we will give  
you a Book FREE**

